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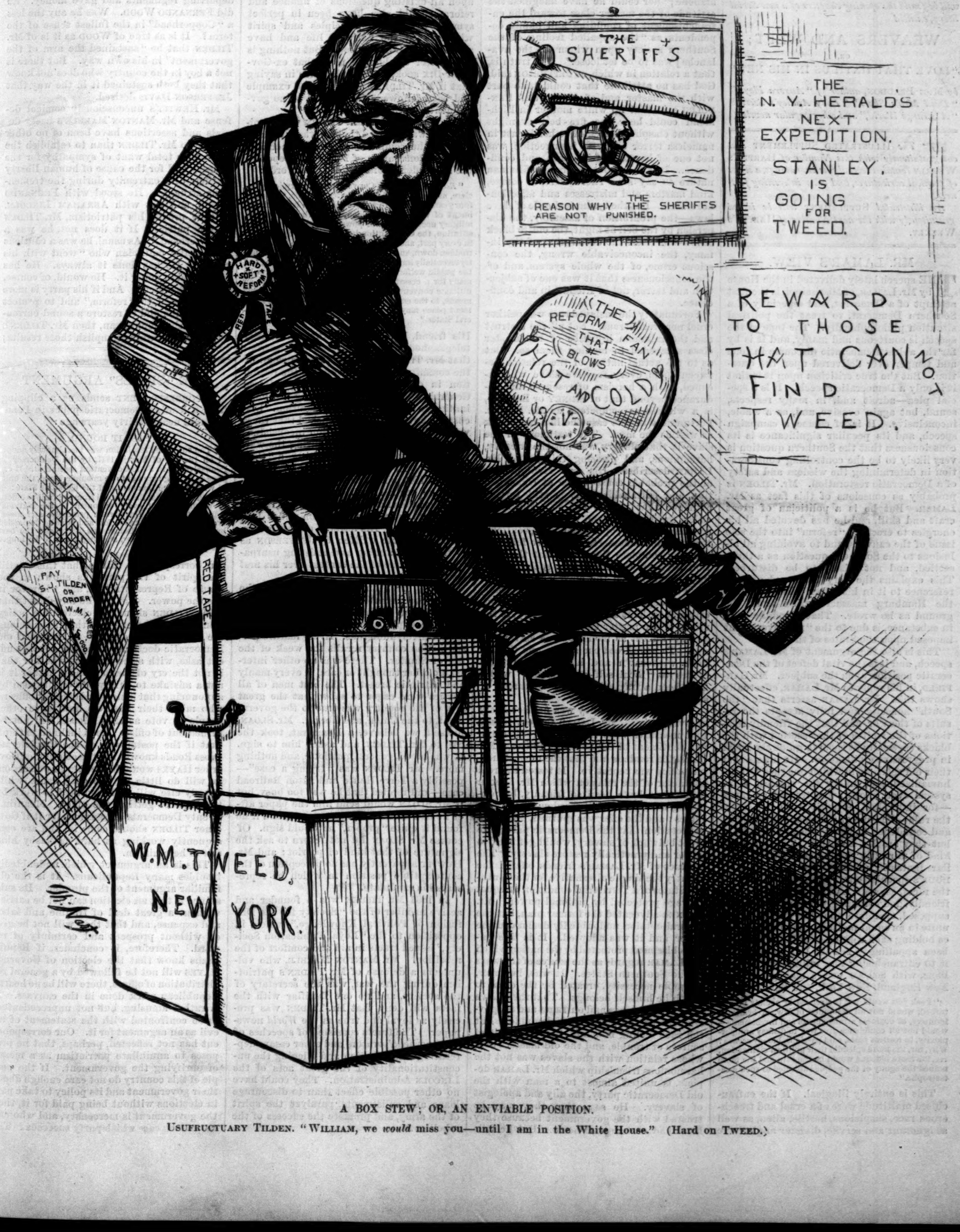
THE SHERIFF'S
THE REASON WHY THE SHERIFFS ARE NOT PUNISHED.
THE N. Y. HERALD'S NEXT EXPEDITION.
STANLEY IS GOING FOR TWEED.
HARD SOFT REFORM
RED TAPE
(THE) REFORM FAN THAT BLOWS HOT AND COLD
REWARD TO THOSE THAT CAN NOT FIND TWEED.
PAY S.J. TILDEN OR ORDER W.M. TWEED
RED TAPE.
W.M. TWEED, NEW YORK.
Th. Nast

A BOX STEW; OR, AN ENVIABLE POSITION.

USUFRUCTUARY TILDEN. "WILLIAM, we *would* miss you—until I am in the White House." (Hard on TWEED.)

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1876.

NEW STORY BY MISS BRADDON.

☞ *In this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapters of a new Serial Story, entitled*

WEAVERS AND WEFT;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET,"

by MISS BRADDON, *author of "Aurora Floyd," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Lady Audley's Secret," "A Strange World," and other popular novels.*

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains several fine engravings, a series of political caricatures, and other interesting features.*

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MR. LAMAR'S VIEW.

THE speech lately delivered in the House by Mr. LAMAR, of Mississippi, is the first attempt of a Democrat, and especially of a Southern Democrat, to treat the political situation philosophically. The tone of the speech is courteous and manly, and it is by far the ablest Democratic discourse in tone and temper ever delivered upon the question. But the true criticism upon it is that it is only a Democratic speech. It is a special plea—adroit and, in many respects, sound, but again evasive, and, as a whole, inconclusive. It is, of course, a campaign speech, and its peculiar significance is its consciousness that the Southern question is very likely to be the controlling consideration in determining the wisdom and safety of a Democratic restoration. Mr. TILDEN is probably as conscious of this fact as Mr. LAMAR. But he is a politician of great craft and skill, and he has devoted all his energies to erecting "reform" into the sole issue of the canvass, and to avoiding all allusions to the Southern question as a thing settled, and not wisely to be disturbed. This explains the very brief and general reference to it in his letter. The blood of the Hamburg massacre cried from the ground as he wrote. That blood, he said, in substance, is due to the "misgovernment imposed upon the States of the South."

This is also the argument of Mr. LAMAR'S speech, and it is the vital defect of the Democratic position upon the subject. Mr. GARFIELD, in his reply to Mr. LAMAR, effectually shows this. Mr. LAMAR asserts that "the South" honestly and fully accepts the results of the war, and that the friendly relations of the whites of that section with the blacks especially fit them to guide the latter in progressive civilization. He insists that their old relation, in which one race was dehumanized, and, under the cruelest slave system ever known, was treated as cattle—for individual exceptions do not affect the rule—was one of "harmony, friendship, and confidence." The words are incredible, but they are Mr. LAMAR'S. They give the kind of unreality to his discourse that similar fantastic assumptions gave to CALHOUN'S speculations. The relation between the races, says Mr. LAMAR, was harmonious, friendly, and confiding. It might have been supposed, therefore, that the proposition to unite in an equal political community classes holding such relations could hardly have been appalling. Yet Mr. LAMAR compares it to enfranchising four millions of Mongolians, with 800,000 voters among them, in New England, New York, and New Jersey:

> "I ask you would not the repose of society be disturbed, would not all assurance of law, of healthful industry, of business arrangements and investments—would not all confidence give way to dismay and perplexity, to restless fears, wild passions, bloody scenes? Why, Sir, the more splendid their political civilization, ...the more hideous would be the ruin and the more refined the agony of the people subjected to such a catastrophe."

This is entirely illogical. If the enfranchised multitude were of a cruel and treacherous race, suspicious, hostile, alien, as well as ignorant and servile, disaster might have been apprehended. But if they were native to the soil, harmonious, friendly, confiding, that fact would have shown that they had no reason to fear, and by a law of human nature they would willingly and smoothly have followed the counsels of those who, although holding them enslaved, had yet treated them so like children and human dependents that the mutual relations were amicable and gentle like those of the family. Mr. LAMAR quotes from a message and a speech of Governor MORTON in 1865 deprecating the political equality of the negroes. But Governor MORTON'S remarks were based upon the view of slavery which was universal at the North. It was held here to be a crime against human nature, the sum of all villainies. Had Governor MORTON supposed it to be, as Mr. LAMAR now represents, a relation of harmony, friendship, and confidence, he certainly would not have regarded enfranchisement, in Mr. LAMAR'S words, as a "shock," a "thunder-bolt," a "terrible avalanche;" nor could he have imagined the attitude of the master class toward the enfranchisement of confiding and happy dependents as "the appalled feeling of the Southern society upon whom it [the avalanche] was to be let loose." The truth is, that a relation in which, as JEFFERSON said, God has no attribute that could take part with the master, and of which JOHN RANDOLPH said that no white mother in Richmond could hear the fire-bell at night without clasping her child to her breast in nameless terror of awful insurrection, was not one of harmony, friendship, and confidence. It is the worst aspersion of human nature to say so. There were, of course, kind masters and mistresses and affectionate slaves. But the tyrannical code of slave laws—the prohibition of assembly, the dispersion by the bell at night, the entire black code—was itself the declaration of the infamy, the inconceivable wrong, the conscious crime, of the whole system, and of the consciousness that it was one of subjection and terror, not of friendship and confidence.

Fortunately the enslaved race was neither cruel nor treacherous. Not all the distrust and the inhuman injustice of the master class succeeded in making them so. But as to the actual nature of the relation between them, every fugitive slave who escaped, with a heroism of resource and endurance beyond that of SIDNEY or BAYARD, is a witness as competent as Mr. LAMAR. Fortunately in this case the lien can speak as well as the man. The testimony of the slave is that slavery was not the friendly, harmonious, and pleasing thing that Mr. LAMAR describes. His own vivid picture of the probable consequence of emancipation and enfranchisement is still further evidence that it was not so. The black codes, the Ku-Klux, the White League, the countless wrongs, oppressions, persecutions, tortures, and massacres that have followed the war complete the proof that the relation between the races was such that to have emancipated the slaves and then to have abandoned them, absolutely ignorant, abjectly dependent, without a piece of property and without the idea of property, to the mercy of the master class, would have been a crime almost as monstrous as slavery itself. To have freed the slaves, and then to have withdrawn and left the late rebel States to "local self-government," would have been a tragically grotesque parody of statesmanship.

Yet Republican policy was neither hasty nor vindictive. Mr. LAMAR forgets to say that measures were taken to ascertain the real sentiment of the Southern States. Mr. GARFIELD reminds him that the reconstructive policy was tentative. It tested the real character of the relation which Mr. LAMAR declares to have been so friendly, by proposing simply the civil freedom of the late slaves; and the offer was spurned, under the expectation that the Democratic party, the great bulwark of slavery, would get back to power and practically restore slavery. The conduct of Mr. LAMAR'S friends offered the country the simple alternative for the Southern States of a Territorial condition or equal suffrage protected by national power. Mr. SUMNER advocated the former plan, but the general opinion undoubtedly demanded the latter, and it was adopted. It is this enfranchisement protected by the nation which Mr. LAMAR regards as the source of the woes of the Southern States. It was, however, a simple necessity, created by the class to which he himself belongs. That there have been great wrongs and outrages and misgovernment at the South is undeniable. But the race feeling is one of the most fruitful sources of trouble, and the old master class, whose relation with the slaves was not the harmonious friendship which Mr. LAMAR depicts, is united almost to a man with the old Democratic party, the ally and apologist of slavery. He says that they may be trusted with the government because they have had a change of heart. But he fails to offer any proof, and Mr. GARFIELD offers a great deal on the other side. Mr. LAMAR says that it is useless to expect any remedy of the troubles from the Republican party. But he will see in the letter of Governor HAYES the indication of the true policy, which can not be carried out by the Democratic party, but which can be made efficient and effectual only by that Republican conviction and purpose which Governor HAYES represents.

A TROUBLESOME RECORD.

THERE is certainly nothing in the condition of the country which requires the election to the Presidency of a candidate who was not, in the highest sense, patriotic and loyal during the war. It is true that we are not at war now. But every issue before us has grown out of the war, and it is the dictate of common-sense that the President should be a man who, being sound upon all existing questions of finance and reform, should also have been in perfect sympathy with the principles and spirit which saved the national life and have amended the Constitution. But nothing is now better established than that ex-Governor DIX spoke the simple truth in saying that if Mr. TILDEN'S counsels and example had been followed, there would be no government for which to provide.

The moment that Mr. TILDEN was nominated, it was asserted that he was the chairman of the committee in the Democratic Chicago Convention of 1864 which reported the surrender resolution, in these words:

> "*Resolved*, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war—during which, under the pretense of military necessity or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired—justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal States."

His friend, Mr. MANTON MARBLE, instantly telegraphed that the statement was untrue; that Mr. TILDEN was not the chairman of the committee; that he opposed the resolution in committee; and that he advised General M'CLELLAN in accepting the nomination to dissent from the resolution. Discussion, however, has established that there was nothing in the resolution inconsistent with Mr. TILDEN'S position during the war. He was, in the phrase of the time, a "Copperhead." In a letter to the Hon. WILLIAM KENT in 1860, before the election of Mr. LINCOLN, he argued with CALHOUN and JEFFERSON the extreme doctrine of State rights, which was the plea of secession under JEFFERSON DAVIS. His letter is curiously suggestive of those written by JEFFERSON as to the States arming and resisting usurpation at the time of the contest over his first election.

In 1861 Mr. TILDEN declined to sign the call for the patriotic "uprising" of the people in Union Square. Mr. HEWITT undertakes an explanation of this refusal which is excessively ludicrous. Every mature person in the country recalls the week of the fall of Sumter. There was no other interest, no other thought or care, in every manly and patriotic breast. The best men of all parties were eager to show that the great city of the country was true to the government, to the Union, and liberty. Mr. SLOAN, himself, we believe, a Democrat, took the call to Mr. TILDEN, and asked him to sign. It was broad, general, patriotic, and nothing more. Mr. TILDEN was "trying a case"—possibly a Terre Haute and Alton Railroad case—and replied that he was too busy, but if Mr. SLOAN would send him the paper after he had finished trying the case, and if he found it quite "proper," he would sign. Of course Mr. SLOAN did not return to ask the signature of that kind of patriot; and Mr. HEWITT apparently has no perception of the contemptible position in which he represents his candidate.

In 1863 Mr. TILDEN was a founder and active member of the "Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge," which, in opposition to the "Loyal Publication Society," issued tracts in aid and comfort of the rebellion. Mr. MANTON MARBLE, who volunteers a defense of Mr. TILDEN'S patriotism during the war, was the secretary of the society, and no one familiar with the facts will deny that Mr. TILDEN was precisely as loyal and true as the *World* newspaper. The tracts consisted of speeches of "Copperhead" orators and other essays deprecating emancipation and alleging the unconstitutionality of the great acts of the LINCOLN Administration. They could have no other possible effect than to discourage loans and enlistments, paralyze the spirit of the army, and promote the success of the rebellion.

In 1864 Mr. TILDEN was the New York member of the platform committee in the Democratic "Surrender" Convention, but he was not the chairman, as stated. When, however, the resolution, as reported, had been debated in the committee, Mr. TILDEN, far from protesting, stated in the Convention that there was no dissent among the members. His remarks were confirmed by Mr. BROWN, of Delaware, who said that there was not the slightest dissension, and by Mr. WELLER, of California, who said that all were in favor of peace—the word peace having then a significance derived from VALLANDIGHAM and FERNANDO WOOD. Mr. MARBLE says that Mr. TILDEN asked General M'CLELLAN to discard the resolution. Why did he not ask the Convention to discard it? When he found that it would fatally injure his party, he probably advised General M'CLELLAN to discard it, for precisely the same reason that he himself finally discarded TWEED. Mr. MARBLE says that Mr. TILDEN addressed departing regiments and gave money. So did FERNANDO WOOD. Was he any the less a "Copperhead" in the fullest sense of the term? It is as true of WOOD as it is of Mr. TILDEN that he "sustained the arm of the government" in his own way. But there is not a boy in the country who does not know that they both sustained it in the way that JEFFERSON DAVIS desired.

Mr. HEWITT'S unconsciously comical defense and Mr. MANTON MARBLE'S hasty denials and assertions have been of no other service to Mr. TILDEN than to establish the fact of his total want of sympathy for the country and for the cause of human liberty in their dire extremity during the tremendous struggle. He stood with FERNANDO WOOD, and not with ABRAHAM LINCOLN. If that proves his patriotism, Mr. TILDEN was a patriot. If it does not, he was a "Copperhead." As usual, he was a cautious Democratic politician who "went with his party." He has done it always. He has grown old in doing it. He would, of course, do it as President. And if his party is more to be trusted to "reform," and to protect equal rights, and to restore a sound currency than the Republican, then Mr. TILDEN'S Presidency would accomplish those results; not otherwise.

THE "SPOILS" ARGUMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a clipping from a leading Democratic paper in Pennsylvania nearly thirty years ago:

> "PASS IT ROUND.
>
> "The subjoined resolution was unanimously adopted on the 4th of March, 1847, by the Democracy of Pennsylvania, in State Convention assembled. It expresses, in language not to be misunderstood, the united wishes of the Democrats of the Keystone State:
>
> "'*Resolved*, That the removal from the various offices at Washington of every opponent of the National Administration, of Democratic principles and measures, has been long called for, and is alike demanded by the voice of the Democratic party and the best interests of the country, and ought not to be longer postponed or delayed.'"

Our correspondent thinks that this is still the spirit of the party, as shown in the House of Representatives, and wherever it has the power. Nor has he any doubt that if Mr. TILDEN should be elected, his policy would be the same. "To the victor belong the spoils of his enemy," is the good old Democratic doctrine. But our correspondent asks, with some anxiety, whether that is not the cry of victory, and whether it is not a mistake to chill party enthusiasm by announcing that honest and efficient officers, who mind their business and leave other people to vote as they choose, will not be turned out of office. He is inclined to think that if the postmaster at the Confederate Cross Roads knows that the election of Governor HAYES would leave him in possession, he will do little for the good cause, while nobody else will be stimulated to work by the hope of getting the office. Meantime twenty Democrats are anxious for it if Governor TILDEN should come in, and are consequently working as hard as Nasby himself to help him in.

This is an argument which undoubtedly troubles many Republicans. It is the old familiar argument of the plunder. Its substance is that an election can not be carried without a great deal of trouble and labor and expense, and that they will not be given without prospect and certainty of reward. Therefore, it concludes, if Republicans know that the election of Governor HAYES will not be followed by a general redistribution of offices, there will be no hearty Republican work done in the canvass. It is rather amusing, but not unprecedented, to be confronted with the statement of an evil as an argument for it. Our correspondent has not reflected, perhaps, that he proposes to annihilate patriotism as a means of purifying the government. If the people of this country do not care enough about their government and its policy to take part in elections without being paid for it, then the government is mercenary, and who can very much care which party succeeds? The argument for compelling government clerks to pay money for the expenses of election is that money must be raised, and that nobody is so much interested in its raising as they, and therefore they must pay or give place to those who will. The result of the system of which this is a part is such an official aristocracy and defeat of the popular will, with such demoralization and extravagance, that there is a vigorous protest against it of the intelligence and conscience of the country, and it is one of the most vital issues involved in the present election.

How were election expenses paid sixty, seventy, and eighty years ago? How were people stimulated to vote when there were not a thousand offices in the gift of the Government? The theory of our political system is that the people are intelligent enough to comprehend political principles and prefer one policy to another, and that they will express their preferences by their votes. And the theory is true. The system requires, of course, that political officers, those who direct and represent administration, shall change with a change of policy decreed by the people. But common-sense and experience and economy and pure politics equally demand that the subordinate and merely ministerial or business places shall be held as they are in other business. If all the post-offices and small places are to be prizes of what is called party activity, there will always be a hundred claimants equally entitled to every place, and politics must become a mere traffic, from which character and ability will largely withdraw, as they do now. A change can not be made without a struggle. But the patriotism of the country is ready for it.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The action of the New York Republican Convention was very significant and encouraging. The important fact was the defeat of the candidate who in the general estimation was the especial representative of what is known as "the machine." It was the unspeakable folly of a few desperate friends which exposed Mr. Cornell to the needless mortification of the evening. His position after his withdrawal in the morning was, indeed, one of defeat, but of an adroit use of defeat. His wisest friends were aware of this, and endeavored to prevent the disaster. But their efforts were vain; and in the catastrophe that followed, there were none who were more deeply pained than some who hastened it. The authors of the misfortune to Mr. Cornell were his reckless friends, and not those opponents who, in withstanding his nomination, aimed solely at an impersonal end.

Mr. Morgan had been so generally associated with Mr. Evarts in the resolutions of Conventions and in the press as a representative of the demand for purer politics that when Mr. Cornell was withdrawn, many of whom Mr. Evarts was the first choice thought it wiser to support Mr. Morgan, as less objectionable to the friends of Mr. Cornell. Mr. Morgan's high character, long and various political experience, and his sympathy with the reform movement of the party make him a candidate who will be cordially and universally supported. There was a story at Saratoga, which was repeated by some of the correspondents of the press, that a letter from Governor Hayes was shown to delegates, favoring the nomination of Mr. Morgan. We presume that the letter referred to was one that we saw, and it contained no expression whatever of preference among candidates. That the nomination of Mr. Morgan is most agreeable both to Mr. Hayes and to Mr. Wheeler is unquestionable. But neither of those gentlemen interested himself in any manner to influence the action of the Convention.

The decisive vote for Mr. Sherman S. Rogers as Lieutenant-Governor was a satisfactory test of the real controlling spirit of the Republicans of New York. Mr. Rogers was supported as a representative of the same sentiment which demanded the candidacy of Mr. Evarts, and his nomination is an earnest of the supremacy of the "reform" spirit in the party. But of this fact the remarkable candidacy of Mr. Evarts was the signal example. Without a word of any kind from him, without the solicitation of agents or adherents, without any of the usual methods of candidates, and with no knowledge that he would be a candidate even if nominated, the name of this eminent citizen, who is not in public political life, but absolutely and contentedly engaged in the practice of an absorbing profession, rose spontaneously to the lips of the truest and most devoted Republicans all over the State as that of a great representative leader in this political crisis. It was one of the noblest and most striking tributes to high personal character in our political history, and it was naturally deeply touching to its object. There was not a delegate who voted for him who was not proud of his vote, and that the number, under the circumstances, was so large is a fact which will cheer every man who strives for increasing purity in politics.

The platform is neither an evasion nor a platitude, as platforms so often are. It accepts the declarations of Mr. Hayes's letter in regard to civil reform as the platform of the party. It demands equal justice to be administered by its friends and not by its enemies. It demands specie resumption under the existing act; and its final declaration expresses the feeling toward General Grant of all who were not Copperheads or rebels. It is a declaration in which the severest critics of his administration can heartily join:

> "*Ninth.* The Republicans of New York tender to the President of the United States, upon the approaching completion of his official term, the assurance of their profound respect and gratitude for those illustrious public and patriotic services which will secure his name an imperishable place in history."

"THE SOUTH."

The report of the Senate's special committee upon the Mississippi troubles is a curious commentary upon Mr. Lamar's assertion that the late rebel partisans, who are now the force of the Democratic party in the Southern States, have honestly, fully, and finally acquiesced in reconstruction. This report considers, among other points, the election of the Legislature which chose Mr. Lamar to the Senate, and finds that it was accomplished by force and fraud. It asserts that the evidence of the general open arming of the Democrats, and of their frank declaration of an intention to carry the election "anyhow," is incontestable, and that the violence was mainly confined to the Republican counties, because those were the very places where it was necessary to overcome majorities. This is an illustration of the general conclusions of the report. That there is a great deal of negro terrorism at the South can not fairly be denied. It is equally true that there is a great deal of misgovernment. The disorder and violence are not unnatural. The reasons of the situation are obvious, and they must long continue. Meanwhile assertions of every kind will be made with vehemence and reason upon both sides.

We have, for instance, lying before us a letter from Texas and one from Kentucky. The Kentucky letter says that the troubles always occur in the States controlled by the "friends of the colored race," and it proceeds:

> "Your statesmen, when sincere, have not been philosophers on this subject. They have constantly said to the South, 'Stop these bloody occurrences, and we will stop meddling.' They ought to know that, so long as human nature remains as it is, the communities are practically powerless to stop them so long as the meddling continues. There have been several bloody riots and massacres of the Chinese in California. Suppose the United States Government were to send troops there for the avowed purpose of protecting the Chinese 'against the savage and uncivilized brutality' of the natives, what would a Chinaman's life be worth? Suppose, further, that they were as numerous, or more so, than the 'Mellicans,' that they had a general idea that they were possessed of an enormous amount of 'rights,' principal among which was the right to be offensive in any way they chose to be, and suppose the Government—to use a homely illustration—were to put this Chinaman on the 'Mellican's' shoulder or head, and dare him to knock the heathen off, would you like to insure that heathen's life? That's precisely what has been done toward the South all these weary years, and in this you may find the reasons for the fact that the State governments controlled by the Southern natives have been able to stop these disorders almost without an effort."

This is a letter written in good faith by a business man. But its tone reveals precisely the feeling toward the colored people from which the troubles spring. It says that they are due to outside interference, and that they do not occur where the "native people"—that is, the whites—have control. But that is the order of Warsaw. Georgia is controlled by the "native people." But the exodus of negroes from Georgia is greater than from any other State, and the simplest rights, such as jury duty, are denied them. The question of the method of keeping order is hardly less important than that of order. It is not denied that if the "white line" or White League or the Ku-Klux obtained absolute control, there would be "order" of a certain kind. When the negroes were absolutely enslaved there were few massacres like those of Hamburg and New Orleans. But that was a poor argument for slavery. The assertion that the massacres shall or will continue until the Butlers are allowed to manage matters as they choose, is a mere defiance. And our correspondent will observe that he differs radically from Mr. Lamar.

On the other hand, the Texas letter says:

> "The leading spirits of the Democracy here boast *an undivided South* for Tilden. An undivided South! when, without the presence of the six-shooter as a hydra of intimidation to the timorous and peaceful black man, the Republican ticket would be *bound* to carry the Carolinas, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. These facts are based on correct estimates of the number of *colored* voters in those States, even though no whites should vote the Republican ticket—which, of course, can not be conceded. What, then, is meant by an undivided South for Tilden? Does it not plainly augur the pursuit of the old, old policy of the past—the intimidation of the black men from the polls? Most undoubtedly it does. I hereby warn the Northern Democrat that he does not know the heart of his brother in the South. Democracy in the North is not Democracy in the South. Here the term means *only* those who actively affiliated or deeply sympathized with the cause of secession during the war. Many noble citizens in the North, being justly indignant at the grave errors of men in the Republican party, have, in the name of reform, erroneously united themselves to the Democracy.... Again, I solemnly warn my fellow-citizens of the North and East that the spirit of 1861 is a flame smothered but not extinguished. To prove this, 'let facts be submitted to a candid world.' They have repeatedly claimed immunity for their emancipated slaves, thus seeking to ingulf the republic in fraudulent financial ruin. They still secretly hope, by a change of the national Administration in their favor, to obtain that immunity. In the name of justice and reform, they would grasp without shame and pocket without remorse the Treasury of this nation. They only accept the recent amendments to the Constitution on compulsion. They form a party of aristocracy and exclusion. Their motto is *death to negroes;* and they are constantly seeking, by every chicanery of local legislation, to deprive them of the right of franchise, under cover of educational and property qualification acts of their State Legislatures. They will not elect a Northern-raised man, though a Democrat, to the simplest office in their gift. A man's qualification for the most important offices is based upon his Confederate record. Coke, of Texas, was but recently elected to a seat in the national Senate over Hancock, a man acknowledged by both press and people to be vastly his superior as a statesman, because *he* was an ex-Confederate soldier, and Hancock was not, though both were Democrats of the strictest sect. They boast that they will use the Northern Democracy as a stepping-stone to power. Could they secure the election of Tilden in November, their next move would be to elect an ex-Confederate Democrat to the Presidency in 1880....All over the South secret bands are being drilled and organized, calling themselves Tilden *minute-men of '76.* This means a strong concert of action on the part of the Democracy to leave not a stone unturned in the South. The Democracy here also count heavily on the vote of the Pacific States, based on the explicit clause in their platform upon the Chinese question....In many counties of these States they have gained majorities at the polls, when the census showed two colored to one white. Every colored man in these States is a Republican. They have accomplished this by the murder of our orators at political gatherings, and a regular armed and disguised *system* of terrifying the colored man from the *ballot*....They have murdered the teachers of the black man's children. They protect each other, by the mockery of trial by *packed* juries, from punishment for any murder committed on Republicans in these States, thus hoping to destroy by bloodshed a spirit of loyalty to the Federal Union which neither force nor violence can extinguish. Is it possible, in view of all these facts, that the Northern Democrats will assist these men to power? God forbid!"

This is quite as good and conclusive evidence as to the situation as the other letter, and its tone of earnest conviction is obvious. The conclusion that we draw is, not that the Mississippi report suggests a wise policy, and certainly not that the party which the negro-butchers support, and which the Kentucky letter says can not manage them, should be brought into power, but that common-sense dictates that the Republican party, with the spirit and policy indicated by Governor Hayes's letter, should still control the government.

PERSONAL.

Professor Huxley has made an auspicious start on his tour through the United States. After a notable dinner given to him at New Haven by Professor Marsh, he has departed, with Governor Ingersoll, Professor Marsh, President Bishop of the New Haven Railroad, and a few friends, in a palace-car, for a trip through Canada and westward to the Mississippi. On his return, after visits to Professor Agassiz and Professor Gray, of Harvard, he will on the 12th of September deliver the address at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, and then betake himself to England again. All this, of course, on the basis that American citizens do not in the mean time kill the British *savant* with the beef, the birds, and the multitudinous bibbles for which America is famous.

—The Rev. William Morley Punshon, one of the most eloquent preachers of the time, proposes to visit this country again next year, on matters mainly connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

—All the household effects of the late James H. Roosevelt have been given to the Roosevelt Hospital. The parlor of that institution contains several quaint pieces of furniture over a century old that belonged to him; also a number of pictures painted by his daughter.

—Immanuel Hermann von Fichte, son of the celebrated philosopher, completed at Stuttgart, on the 18th of last month, his eightieth year. He has recently published a book, consisting of five letters to Professor Zeller, entitled *Questions and Considerations relative to the Progress of German Speculation.*

—Garibaldi has accepted the honorary presidency of the Italian League for the Liberation of the Swiss Hellenic Peninsula.

—A gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, has in his possession an ancient porcelain mug on which is painted the effigy of Washington on horseback, with the inscription beneath, "George Washington, Esq., General-in-Chief of the United States Army, and Marshal of France." The latter title being one not ordinarily understood to belong to the Father of his Country, an old letter has been found from G. W. Parke Custis, dated in 1857, which explains how General Washington came by the French rank. "The history of the American Marshal of France," writes Mr. Custis, "is simply this: When, in 1781, Colonel Laurens went to France as special embassador, a difficulty arose between him and the French ministry as to the command of the combined armies in America. Our heroic Laurens said, 'Our chief must command; it is our cause, and the battle is on our soil.' '*C'est impossible,*' exclaimed the Frenchman. 'By the etiquette of the French service the Count de Rochambeau, being an old lieutenant-general, can only be commanded by the king in person or a Maréchal de France.' 'Then,' exclaimed Laurens, 'make our Washington a Maréchal de France, and the difficulty is at an end.' It was done. A friend of mine heard Washington spoken of as 'Monsieur le Maréchal' at the siege of Yorktown. Our beloved Washington never coveted or desired rank or title; but it is beyond a doubt that, from the force of circumstances just related, the rank and title of Maréchal de France was conferred upon the general-in-chief of the combined armies of America and France."

—It is rumored in London that Father Hyacinthe is about to enter the Church of England.

—The London *Academy* has the following paragraph on the position occupied by Mr. Anthony Trollope in English literature: "Mr. Trollope's novels are distinguished from those of all his contemporaries, and even from those of the immediately preceding period, by a more determined realism of treatment. Nothing would be easier than to dwell on the superior gifts of Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens, and to show how each of these celebrated novelists has exhibited qualities of mind and felicities of work to which Mr. Trollope makes no pretensions whatever. Yet though it is premature to augur for him a place beside them in the permanent record of famous English authors, there can be no question that a student of manners in the next century would derive a far more correct idea of the social thoughts and customs of the present day from his novels than from those of his more eminent rivals. From Dickens, in truth, no correct picture can be derived at all. He paints individuals, not classes; and his individuals have all a touch of exaggeration and caricature about them which lessens seriously their value as types. Bulwer Lytton, in his turn, is too studiously artificial, and, incomparably better versed as he was than Dickens in the ways of society, there is not enough ease and freedom in the acts and dialogues of his characters to let us lose for a moment the sense that they are consciously playing high comedy on a stage before a critical audience. And Thackeray, towering as he does intellectually above the other two, aims rather at the creation of idealized types of the very highest art than at reproducing exactly what he saw. Becky Sharp, Blanche Amory, Colonel Newcome, are each perfect in their way; but as a fact one does not meet them, though certain family likenesses suggesting parts of their temperament are daily encountered. But Mr. Trollope's aim is best indicated by the title of one of his more recent works, *The Way We Live Now,* and he has had the courage to abandon plot, or at any rate to make it entirely subordinate to delineation of manners, and to depict people and conversation much as they really are in the world around us. He is the only English novelist, in fact, since Miss Austen, who has striven to fathom the resources of the entirely commonplace, and to contrive that, instead of proving dull, it shall be exactly the attraction which gathers an audience round him."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York State Republican Convention met at Saratoga on the 23d ult. Ex-Governor E. D. Morgan was nominated for Governor on the first ballot. The vote was 242 for Governor Morgan, 126 for William M. Evarts, 24 for W. H. Robertson, and 18 for Martin I. Townsend. Sherman S. Rogers was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and George F. Danforth, of Rochester, for Judge of the Court of Appeals.

The Kansas Democrats, on the 23d ult., nominated John Martin, of Topeka, for Governor. The Connecticut Prohibitionists, on the same day, nominated for Governor Joseph Cummings, D.D., late president of the Wesleyan University. The Tennessee Republican State Convention met in Nashville on the 24th ult. Presidential electors were chosen, but no nomination for Governor was made.

Mr. G. A. Finkelnburg, the Republican nominee for Governor of Missouri, has been persuaded to reconsider his declination, and has now accepted the nomination.

Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, wife of Hon. Thomas Davis, a lady well known in connection with her efforts in behalf of women, died at Providence, Rhode Island, on the 24th ult.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A dispatch to Reuter's Telegram Company, from Belgrade, says the Turks, on the 23d ult., made three desperate attacks on the Servian position at Alexinatz, and some of the Servian battalions lost more than a quarter of their strength. Several Russian officers were killed. The Turks also lost heavily, being exposed to a cross-fire of artillery from the intrenchments. General Tchernayeff, who commanded the Servians in person, succeeded in repulsing the Turks on each occasion. The Turks renewed the attack early the next morning, and were repulsed along the whole line, and fell back a distance of a mile and a quarter. General Tchernayeff is understood to have decided, in the event of defeat, to fall back on Deligrad. Cuprija, on the Morava, has also been fortified as a third line of defense. General Tchernayeff telegraphs Prince Milan as follows: "Our affairs are not progressing badly. The Turks have evacuated the line of Timok, but still occupy Saitschar."

A convocation of cardinals is now sitting at Rome to ascertain the feasibility of introducing certain modifications in the system of electing Popes, so that the electors may exercise full liberty when it becomes necessary to elect a successor to the present Pope.

Advices from Cape Coast Castle, dated 2d ult., state that the King of Dahomey has confined all the Europeans at Whydah in their houses, and threatens to massacre them.

Mr. Disraeli has issued a farewell address to his constituents, the electors of Buckinghamshire, by whom he has been returned to the House of Commons continuously since 1847. He says: "Throughout my public life I have aimed at two chief results. Not insensible to the principle of progress, I have endeavored to reconcile change with that respect for tradition which is one of the main elements of our social strength. And, in internal affairs, I have endeavored to develop and strengthen the empire, believing that the combination of achievement and responsibility elevates the character and condition of the people."

Three Spanish gun-boats are being sent to Chinese waters at the request of the Spanish representative at Peking. This step is either taken to support the Spanish demand for the restitution of a vessel stranded at Formosa, or for fear of complications arising from the recent attack on the French missionary chapel at Ning-Koue-Foo.

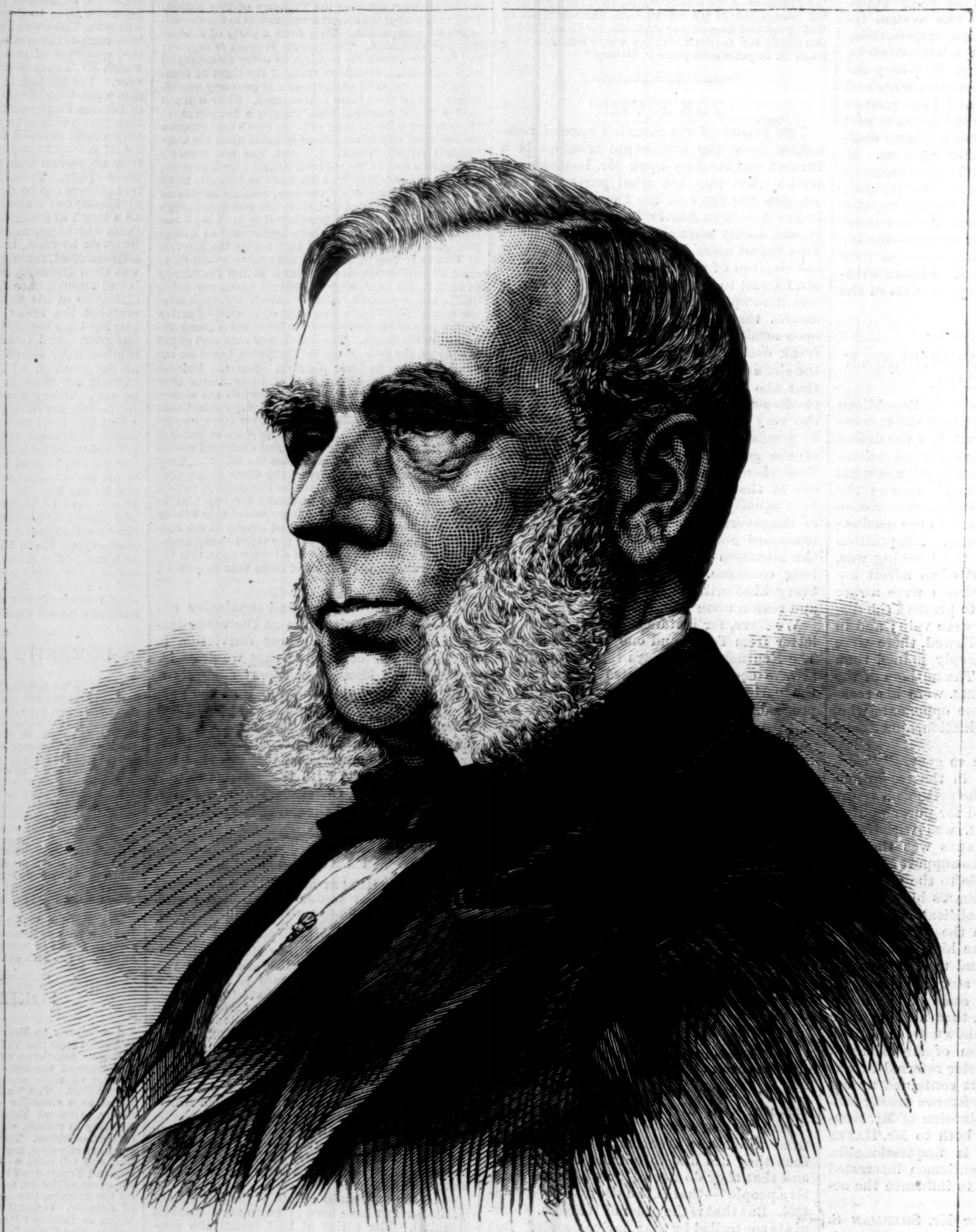
The elections of presidents of the Councils-General in France have resulted in the choice of five Constitutionalists, forty-one Monarchists, and thirty-nine Republicans. The Republicans have gained seven seats.

THE HON. EDWIN D. MORGAN.

THE HON. EDWIN D. MORGAN, the Republican candidate for the office which he has twice filled with distinguished ability, was born in the town of Washington, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, on the 8th of February, 1811. When eleven years of age he became a clerk in a grocery store in Hartford, Connecticut, and in this position displayed such attention to his duties and such excellent capacity for business that before he reached the age of twenty he was admitted to partnership with his employer. Just before this occurred he had visited New York to make purchases of tea, sugar, corn, etc. Instead of buying the usual quantity of the latter staple, he negotiated for two cargoes, and disposed of them at a good profit on his way home. The next morning he was at the store and preparing to sweep out, as usual, when his employer told him to lay aside his broom, saying, "A man who can go to New York and on his own responsibility purchase two cargoes, and make sale of them without counseling with his principal, can be more advantageously employed than in sweeping out the store." At the age of twenty-one he was elected a member of the Hartford City Council; this was his first experience of public life. In 1836, desirous of a wider business field, he removed to New York, and here engaged in the commission and grocery trade. His business rapidly increased, and before many years elapsed he became one of the most extensive importers in the city, with an honorable reputation for sagacity, tact, and integrity. His house had transactions in all parts of the United States and in many foreign countries, and ranked among the foremost business establishments in the city.

The qualities which made Mr. MORGAN a successful business man marked him as one eminently fit to be trusted in affairs of public service. In 1849 he was elected an Alderman of the city, and the same year he was elected a State Senator. To the latter position he was re-elected the following year. During both of these Senatorial terms he was elected chairman of the Senate *pro tem.*, and was appointed by the Whig Lieutenant-Governor chairman of the Committee on Finance. In 1855 he was appointed Commissioner of Emigration, holding the office until 1858. Mr. MORGAN was known as an anti-slavery Whig, and when the "May Conference" was held in Pittsburg in 1856, he was present as a delegate from this city. He became chairman of the National Committee, and as such called to order the first National Convention of the Republican party, which met in Philadelphia on the 17th of June, 1856, and nominated General FREMONT for President of the United States. In 1858 he was elected Governor of New York. His administration was one of marked ability. The State debt was largely decreased, the credit of the State strengthened, and honesty and economy distinguished the conduct of affairs in all departments. His re-election in 1860 was a most fortunate event for the State and the country. His services in strengthening the hands of the national government during the perilous time that followed the outbreak of the Southern rebellion can not be overestimated. None of the distinguished "war Governors" played a more important part in the work of defending the Union. From the breaking out of the war until the close of his administration Governor MORGAN devoted himself constantly and with signal wisdom and ability to the service of his country. In the spring of 1861 he was commissioned by President LINCOLN a Major-General of Volunteers, in order that he might the more easily accomplish his work of raising and organizing volunteer regiments. This office he continued to hold until the close of his term as Governor, but declined to accept the compensation to which it entitled him. During the war period of his administration he raised and forwarded from this State over 200,000 men.

Not the least important part of Governor MORGAN's services to the government was the work of putting the harbor of New York in a state of defense, a large portion of which was performed while acting, with Governor SEYMOUR and Comptroller ROBINSON, as commissioner, under an act of the Legislature which appropriated $1,000,000 to harbor defenses. The entire control of the appropriation was left to him by his fellow-commissioners. He carried out the intention of the act at a cost of only $6000; the remainder of the appropriation, $994,000, was returned to the Treasury. Governor MORGAN declined a renomination at the expiration of his second term of office, but he was elected to the United States Senate for the term ending March 4, 1869. During his six years of service in that body he held important positions on the committees on Commerce, Finance, Military Affairs, Mines and Mining, and others. On the retirement of Mr. FESSENDEN, in February, 1865, the President offered him the position of Secretary of the Treasury, but, at his own request, his name was withdrawn. He was for many years chairman of the Republican National Committee. Since his retirement from the Senate, Governor MORGAN has held no public office, but he has always taken a deep interest in political affairs and in the Republican party, with which he has been identified since its organization.



THE HON. EDWIN D. MORGAN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

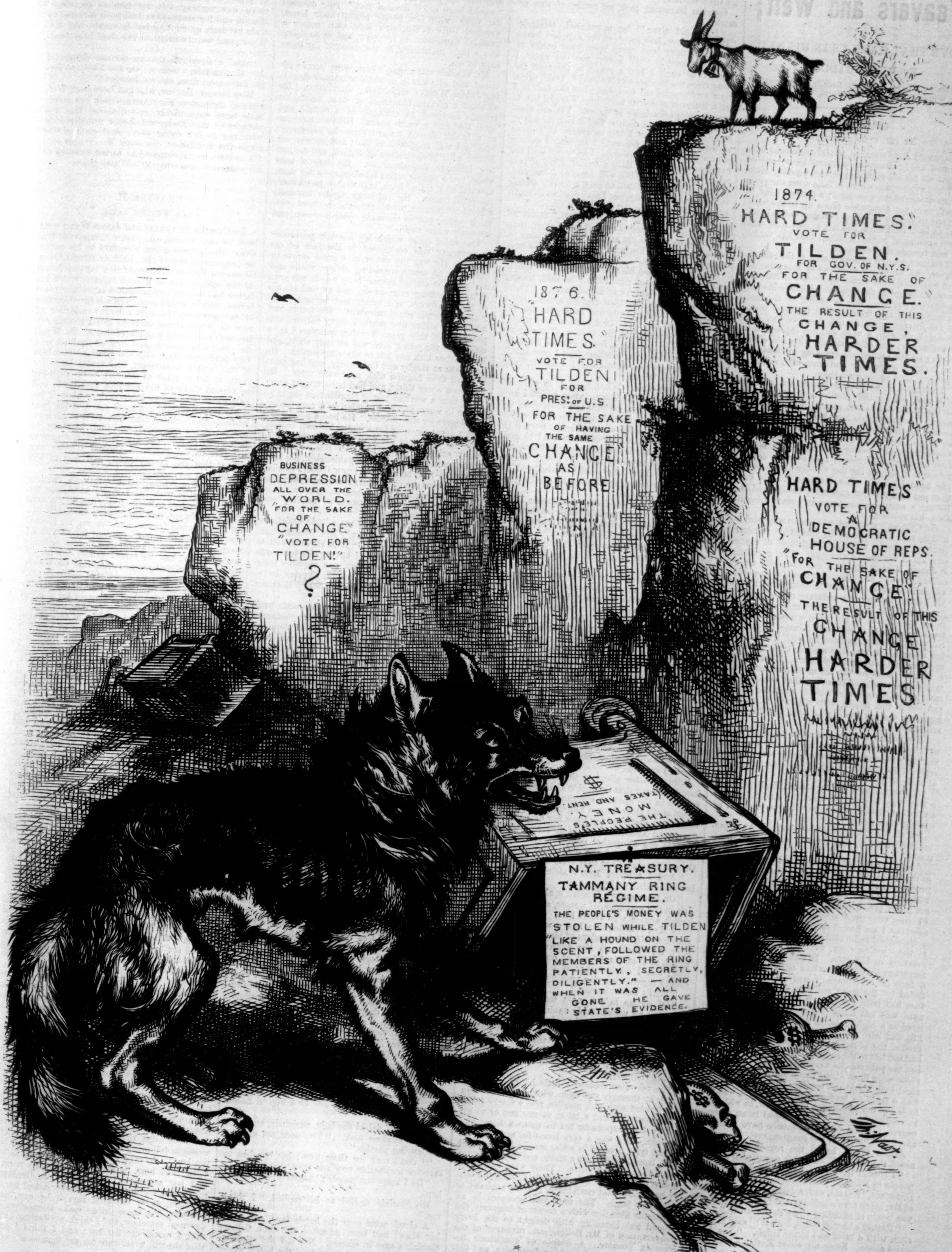
OUR double-page illustration gives a view of the interior of Agricultural Hall—a building which presents many and varied points of interest, and which is well worthy of attentive examination. It is situated north of Horticultural Hall, from which it is separated by a romantic ravine, and is constructed mainly of wood and glass. The plan comprises a nave, eight hundred and twenty feet long, one hundred and twenty-five in width, with a height of seventy-five feet from the floor to the point of the arch. Across the nave run three transepts, the central one having a width of one hundred feet, with a height of seventy-five feet, while the two end transepts are eighty feet wide and seventy in height. The nave and transepts are composed of truss arches of Gothic form. The appearance of the interior is quite imposing, reminding one of some lofty cathedral. The courts formed by the nave and transepts, and also the spaces at the corners of the building, are roofed over, and the area thus inclosed comprises ten acres and a quarter.

Visitors who neglect this building, under the impression that it is nothing more than an agricultural show on a large scale, make a great mistake. The wealth of natural products gathered from almost every quarter of the globe, the display of manufactured articles, the machines employed in the various departments of agriculture and manufacture, constitute an exhibition of the very highest interest, and worthy of the most attentive study, as showing the industrial progress made by different countries. Those Americans who fondly believe their own land to be ahead of all the world in every department of industry are surprised to find, on visiting Agricultural Hall, how much has been accomplished by such countries as Spain and Portugal, which are generally regarded as several generations behind America and England. The Spanish section is a genuine surprise to visitors in the multitude of articles it contains, and the intelligence and system that characterize their arrangement. The Portuguese exhibit is also remarkably fine. In one section are shown the products of the small remnants of colonial empire that Portugal still retains in Africa and India—coffee, palm-oil, sugars, drugs, nuts, vegetable fibres, hard woods, cotton, and spices. Beside them is to be seen a collection of African curiosities—savage arms and implements, drums of odd construction, carved gourds, etc. In another section there are numerous exhibits of Portuguese wines, each bottle (except those from Madeira) bearing a label with the name and residence of the producer, the annual product of his vineyards, and the home price of the wine. It staggers an American to find a quart bottle of wine marked at a less price than he would pay for a glass of whiskey. Twenty-five and thirty cents are exceptionally high prices for a bottle of genuine Portuguese wine, the average being from six to nine cents. In the way of food preparations Portugal shows canned fruits and vegetables, marmalades, jellies, preserved fruits, honey, cheeses in tins, sausages enveloped in tin-foil, dried fish, canned lampreys, an abundance of flour preparations of the macaroni and vermicelli order, and crackers and fancy biscuits in marvelous variety. One firm exhibits eighty different kinds. There is an excellent display of wheat, oats, Indian corn, and millet, and of beans there are many more varieties than are known to American farmers.

The French display in Agricultural Hall surpasses in extent and variety that of any other foreign country except Canada. It is deficient in the matter of agricultural machinery, in specimens of farm products, and in illustrations of the farming processes peculiar to France; but it atones for these drawbacks by its magnificent exhibit of food preparations and wines. Of the latter, those of Bordeaux, Burgundy, and the Champagne country are largely exhibited. One of the exhibitors of Champagne, of whom there are about twenty, shows a set of ingenious machinery used in the making of Champagnes for uncorking the bottles at the stage of manufacture when the sediment that settles on the cork is blown out by the explosive force of the gas generated by the wine, and for recorking. Apparatus for making and bottling soda-water is shown in great abundance by a number of exhibitors. There are also some coffee-making machines, ranging in size from a small household affair to a huge apparatus for ship or army use. Among the food preparations are sardines, sausages, macaroni, olive-oil, Roquefort cheese, mustard, tall conical loaves of beet sugar, Strasburg *pâtés*, and rows on rows of glass jars containing those dainty preparations of fruits, vegetables, meats, and fish for which the French are celebrated.

Other foreign countries also make noteworthy displays, and of course the several States of the Union are well represented in all departments. We have not space to go further into detail in this article; indeed, a volume would hardly suffice to describe a display so rich and varied and extensive as that which is gathered in Agricultural Hall.

Our illustration on page 741 gives a view of the regatta course on the Schuylkill River. It is certainly a picturesque and lovely course, and one admirably adapted to pleasure rowing, but as a regatta course it is a failure. The stream is so narrow that each race has to be rowed in heats—a circumstance which detracts considerably from the interest. The banks of the river are high, and so covered with large, wide-spreading trees that thousands of people can recline under their branches and watch the competing boats without danger of sun-stroke, or the disagreeable incidents inseparable from an eager and uneasy crowd. The course runs from the Falls Bridge to Rockland Landing, just above the Reading Railroad Bridge, a distance of exactly a mile and a half as measured upon the ice. Every thing has been done to make up as far as possible for the natural defects of the course. The stand, situated at Rockland, on the east bank of the river, is calculated to seat about two thousand persons without crowding; but the majority of spectators prefer the shady banks, where, if they can not see the races quite as well as from the stand, they can wander about at will or recline on the turf, with the comforting reflection that their places cost them nothing. The races, which began on the 22d of August, extend over several weeks. The disadvantages of the course have interfered greatly with the pleasure of the spectators and competitors. Several accidents and fouls have occurred, owing in great part to the narrowness of the course; and the repetition of these unpleasant incidents would appear to be unavoidable.


1874.
"HARD TIMES."
VOTE FOR
TILDEN.
FOR GOV. OF N.Y.S.
"FOR THE SAKE OF
CHANGE."
THE RESULT OF THIS
CHANGE,
HARDER
TIMES.
1876.
"HARD
TIMES."
VOTE FOR
TILDEN
FOR
PRES! OF U.S.
"FOR THE SAKE
OF HAVING
THE SAME
CHANGE"
AS
BEFORE.
"HARD TIMES"
VOTE FOR
A
DEMOCRATIC
HOUSE OF REPS.
"FOR THE SAKE OF
CHANGE"
THE RESULT OF THIS
CHANGE
HARDER
TIMES
BUSINESS
DEPRESSION
ALL OVER THE
WORLD.
"FOR THE SAKE
OF
CHANGE"
"VOTE FOR
TILDEN!"
?
$
THE PEOPLE'S
MONEY.
(TAXES AND RENT)
N.Y. TREASURY.
TAMMANY RING
RÉGIME.
THE PEOPLE'S MONEY WAS
STOLEN WHILE TILDEN
"LIKE A HOUND ON THE
SCENT, FOLLOWED THE
MEMBERS OF THE RING
PATIENTLY, SECRETLY,
DILIGENTLY." — AND
WHEN IT WAS ALL
GONE HE GAVE
STATE'S EVIDENCE.
Th. Nast

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S DEMOCRATIC "WOLF (*GAUNT AND HUNGRY*") AND THE GOAT (*LABOR*).

"A Wolf saw a Goat feeding at the summit of a steep precipice, where he had not a chance of reaching her. He called to her, and earnestly besought her to come lower down, lest she should by some mishap get a fall; and he added that the meadows lay where he was standing, and that the herbage was most tender. She replied: 'No, my friend; it is not me that you invite to the pasture, but you yourself are in want of food.'"—ÆSOP.

MORAL. "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE STAR AND GARTER.

GLORIOUS June weather, tender moonlight from a moon newly risen—a mystical light—silver-bright on far-off glimpses of the winding river, soft and mysterious where it falls upon the growing darkness of the woodland; a pensive light, by which men not altogether given up to the world are apt to ponder the deeper enigmas of this life, and to look backward, Heaven knows with what keen agonies of regret, to youth that has vanished and friends that are dead.

Two men, who have been dining at the Star and Garter, and who have stolen away from the dessert to smoke their cigars under the midsummer moon, contemplate the familiar landscape in a lazy, meditative silence. One is sitting on the stone balustrade of the terrace, with his face turned to the distant curve of the river, watching the tender light with a very sombre expression of countenance; the other stands with his elbows resting on the balustrade, smoking industriously, and looking every now and then with rather an uneasy glance at his companion.

The first is Sir Cyprian Davenant, the last scion of a good old Kentish family, and owner of one of the finest and oldest places in the county of Kent. The Davenants have been a wild, reckless set for the last hundred years, and there is not an acre of Davenant Park or a tree in Davenant woods unencumbered by mortgage. How Sir Cyprian lives and contrives to keep out of a debtors' prison is a subject for the wonder of his numerous acquaintances. His intimate friends know that the man has few expensive habits, and that he has a small income from an estate inherited from his mother.

Sir Cyprian's companion is a man approaching middle age, with a decidedly plain face, redeemed from ugliness by a certain brightness of expression about the mouth and eyes. This gentleman is James Morton Wyatt, a solicitor, with an excellent practice, and a decided taste for literature, which he is rich enough to be able to cultivate at his leisure, leaving the ordinary run of cases to the care of his junior partner, and only putting in an appearance at his office when an affair of some importance is on hand. James Wyatt is a bachelor and a great favorite with the fair sex, for whom his fashionable modern cynicism seems to possess an extraordinary charm. The cynic has a natural genius for the art of flattery, and a certain subtle power of pleasing, that surprises his male acquaintance, who wonder what the women can see in this fellow, with his long, mean-looking nose, and his small gray eyes, and his incessant flow of shallow talk.

"You're not very lively company to-night, Davenant," James Wyatt said at last. "I've been waiting with exemplary patience for some kind of reply to the question I asked you about a quarter of an hour ago."

"You can scarcely expect much liveliness from a man who is going to start for Africa in four-and-twenty hours, with a very vague prospect of coming back again."

"Well, I don't know about that. It's a pleasure trip, isn't it, this African exploration business?"

"It is to be called pleasure, I believe. My share in it would never have come about but for a promise to an old friend. It is a point of honor with me to go. The promise was given five or six years ago, when I was hot upon the subject. I expect very little enjoyment from the business now, but I am bound to go."

He sighed as he said this, still looking far away at the winding river, with the same sombre expression in his eyes. It was a face not easily forgotten by those who had once looked upon it, a face of remarkable beauty, a little wan and faded by the cares and dissipations of a career that had been far from perfect. Cyprian Davenant was not quite five-and-thirty, but he had lived at a high-pressure rate for ten years of his life, and bore the traces of the fray. The perfect profile, the broad low brow and deep dark eyes, had not lost much in losing the freshness of youth, but the pale cheeks were just a little sunken, and there were lines about those splendid eyes, and a rigid look about the resolute thin lips. If there was a fault to be found in the face, it was perhaps the too prominent lower brow, in which the perceptive organs were developed in an extreme degree, yet this very prominence gave character and individuality to the countenance.

James Wyatt heard the regretful sigh, and noted the despondence of his companion's tone.

"I should have thought there were not many people in England you would care about leaving, Davenant," he said, with a curiously watchful look at the other man's half-averted face. "I've heard you boast of standing alone in the world."

"Rather a barren boast, isn't it?" said Sir Cyprian, with a brief and bitter laugh. "Yes, I am quite alone. Since my sister Marian's marriage, and complete absorption in nursery cares and nursery joys, there is no one to offer let or hinderance to my going yonder. I have friends, of course, a great many—such as you, Jim, for instance; jolly good fellows, who would smoke a cigar with me to-night in the bonds of friendship, and who would hear of my death a month hence without turning a hair."

"Don't talk platitudes about your friends, Cyprian. I have no doubt they are as good as other people's. I don't know a man going more popular than you are."

Cyprian Davenant took no notice of this remark.

"Dear old river!" he murmured, tenderly. "Poor old river, how many of the happiest hours of my life have been spent upon your banks, or on your breast! Shall I ever see you again, I wonder, or shall I find a grave in the sand far away from the Thames and Medway? Don't think me a sentimental old fool, Jim; but the fact is, I am a little out of spirits to-night. I ought not to have accepted Sinclair's invitation. I talked nineteen to the dozen at dinner, and drank no end of hock and seltzer, but I felt as dreary as a ghost assisting at his own funeral. I suppose I am too old for this African business. I have outlived the explorer's spirit, and have a foolish kind of presentiment that the thing will come to a bad end. Of course I wouldn't own to such a feeling among the men who are going, but I may confess as much to you without being put down as a craven."

"I'll tell you what it is, Davenant," answered the lawyer. "There is something deeper than you have owned to yet at the bottom of your reluctance to leave England. There is some one, at least—a woman."

The other turned his face full upon the speaker. "You're about right, Jim," he said, tossing the end of his cigar away as he spoke. "There is a woman—not a sudden caprice either—but a woman I have loved truly and fondly for the last five years of my life. If I were a wise man, I should be very glad of this chance of curing my infatuation by putting a few thousand miles between myself and the loveliest face I ever saw."

"It's a hopeless case, then, I suppose," suggested James Wyatt.

"Quite hopeless. What have I to offer the woman I love? The income upon which I have managed to live since my ruin and subsequent reformation would be something worse than beggary for a wife such as the woman I love. Even if she were willing to share my poverty, could I be mean enough to drag her into such a slough of despond? No, Jim, it is a hopeless case. My pretty one and I must part. I to dreary old bachelorhood, she to fulfill her mission, and make one of the grand matches of the season."

"I think I know the lady," said James Wyatt, slowly. "Lord Clanyarde's youngest daughter; the new one, eh, Cyprian? The Clanyardes are neighbors of yours in Kent, I know."

"Of course I can trust you, Jim. Yes, you've hit it. But what made you fix upon Constance Clanyarde?"

"Have not I senses to understand, and eyes to see, and have I not seen you and Miss Clanyarde together at least three times? Why, Cyprian, the infatuation on both sides is patent to the most unsophisticated observer. It's a pity you've only four hundred a year. That would be rather a tight squeeze for a Clanyarde. They're a notoriously extravagant set, I know, and have been up to their eyes in debt for the last forty years. Yes, I have seen the lady, Cyprian, and she is very lovely. Upon my word, I'm sorry for you."

"Thanks, old fellow. I needn't ask you not to mention my name in conjunction with Miss Clanyarde's. And now I suppose we'd better go back to our friends."

"I think so. By-the-way, what do you think of the lady we were asked to meet?"

"Mrs. Walsingham? She is very handsome. A widow, I suppose."

"She is rather silent on that point, and I have heard it hinted that Colonel Walsingham—he was colonel in the Spanish contingent, I believe, and count of the Holy Roman Empire—still walks this earth, and that the lady owes her agreeable freedom to an American court of divorce. The antecedents are altogether doubtful, and Mrs. Walsingham's set is of the order fast and furious. Gilbert Sinclair likes that kind of thing."

"And I suppose Mrs. Walsingham likes Gilbert Sinclair."

"Or his money. Sinclair's about the biggest fish in the matrimonial waters, and she will be a happy angler who lands him. But I really believe Mrs. Walsingham has a weakness for the man himself, independent of his money. Strange, isn't it? Sinclair's the dearest fellow in the world, and as his friend, of course I dote upon him; but I confess that if I were a woman I should regard him with unmitigated loathing."

"That's rather strong."

"Of course he's a most estimable creature; but such an unspeakable snob, such a pompous, purse-proud cad. Ah, there he is at the window looking for us. If I were a woman, you know, Cyprian, that man would be the object of my aversion; but I'm not, and he's my client, and it is the first duty of a solicitor to love his clients. Coming, Gilbert."

The two men crossed a little bit of lawn, and went in through the open window. The room was lighted with wax candles, and a merry party was crowded round a table, at one end of which a lady was dispensing tea in quite a home-like fashion. She was a very beautiful woman, of a showy type, dressed in white muslin half covered with lace, dressed just a shade too youthfully for her five-and-thirty years. There were two other ladies present, one a fashionable actress, the other her friend and confidante, also an aspirant to dramatic fame. The first was occupied in an agreeable flirtation with a cornet of dragoons, the second was listening with delight to the lively conversation of Mr. Bellingham, manager of the Phœnix Theatre. A couple of gentlemen belonging to the stock-broking fraternity, and Gilbert Sinclair, the giver of the feast, made up the party.

Mr. Bellingham had been entertaining the company with anecdotes of MacStinger, the great tragedian, the point of every story turning on the discomfiture of the great man by some blundering tyro in dramatic art. Mrs. Walsingham had heard most of the stories a good many times before, and she gave a palpable little yawn as Mr. Bellingham told her how the provincial Horatio informed the great Hamlet that his father's ghost "would have much *amused* you." She covered the yawn with her pretty plump little hand, watched Gilbert Sinclair's face with rather a troubled expression in her own, and in so doing was a little inattentive to the demand for more cups of tea.

Mr. Sinclair was a man whom many people admired, and who was in no obvious manner deserving James Wyatt's unflattering description. He affected a certain bluntness of style, which his friends accepted as evidence of a candid and open soul and a warm heart. He was generous to a lavish degree toward those he associated with and was supposed to like; but he was not liberal with protestations of regard, and he had few intimate acquaintances. He was a man whom some people called handsome—a big man, upward of six feet high, and with a ponderous, powerful frame. He had large regular features, a florid complexion, prominent reddish-brown eyes, thick curling hair of the same reddish-brown, and intensely white teeth.

The chief claim which Mr. Sinclair possessed to notoriety was comprised in the fact of his wealth. He was the owner of a great estate in the north, an estate consisting of iron-works and coal-pits, the annual income from which was said to be something stupendous, and he had shares in more railways and mines and foreign loans than his friends could calculate. His father had been dead about five years, leaving Gilbert sole possessor of this great fortune, unfettered by a claim, for the young man was an only child, and had neither kith nor kin to share his wealth. He had been at Rugby and Cambridge, and had traveled all over Europe with a private tutor. He had seen every thing, and had been taught every thing that a wealthy young Englishman ought to see or to learn, and had profited in a very moderate degree by the process. He had a strong will and a great capacity for keeping his own secrets, and had started in life with the determination to enjoy existence after his own fashion. After three years spent in his companionship, his tutor remarked that he scarcely knew Gilbert Sinclair any better at the close of their acquaintance than he had known him at the beginning of it.

"And yet the fellow seems so candid," said Mr. Ashon, wonderingly.

"I wish you would give me a little assistance with the tea-cups, Gilbert," Mrs. Walsingham said, rather impatiently. "It is all very well to talk of the pleasantness of having the tea made in the room in this way, but one requires some help. Thanks. Take that to Sir Cyprian Davenant, if you please, and bring me Sophy Morton's cup."

Mr. Sinclair obeyed, and when he came back with the empty cup Mrs. Walsingham motioned him to a vacant chair by her side, and detained him there till the carriages were announced. She called him by his Christian name in the face of society, and this party of to-night was only one of many entertainments that had been given at different times for her gratification. It was scarcely strange, therefore, if rumor, especially loud on the part of the lady's friends, declared that Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Walsingham were engaged to be married. But the acquaintance between them had continued for a long time, and those who knew most of Gilbert Sinclair shook their heads significantly when the matrimonial question was mooted.

"Gilbert knows his own value," growled old Colonel Mordant, an inveterate whist-player and diner-out, who had introduced young Sinclair into fast society. "When he marries he will marry well. A man with my friend Sinclair's fortune must have all the advantages in the lady of his choice—youth, beauty, rank—or at any rate position—and most men of that calibre look out for a corresponding amount of wealth. I don't say Sinclair will do that. He is rich enough to indulge in a caprice. But as to marrying Clara Walsingham—a deuced fine woman, I grant you—*pas si bête!*"

Mrs. Walsingham detained Mr. Sinclair in conversation some time after the carriages had been announced. She was very bright and animated, and looked her best as she talked to him. It was nearly eleven o'clock when she was reminded of the lateness of the hour, and the length of the drive before them, by Miss Sophy Morton, who had latterly transferred her attention from the callow cornet to Mr. Wyatt, much to the disgust of the youthful dragoon.

"Yes, Sophy, I am just going to put on my shawl. Will you fetch our wraps from the next room, please, Mr. Wyatt? Will you take the back seat in the brougham, Gilbert, and wind up with a lobster salad in Half Moon Street? It is really early, you know."

"Thanks, no. I could scarcely trust my man to drive those chestnuts; so I think I'll go back in the phaeton; and I'm due at a hop in Eaton Square."

"Indeed?" asked the lady, curiously, and with a rather anxious look. "You used not to care for dancing parties."

"I don't care for them now; but one has to sacrifice inclination now and then, you know."

"Do I know the people?" asked Mrs. Walsingham.

Mr. Sinclair smiled as he replied, "I think not."

A cloud came over the lady's face, and when her shawl had been adjusted she took Gilbert Sinclair's arm in silence. Nor did she speak to him on the way to the porch of the hotel, where a mail phaeton and a couple of broughams were waiting. Her adieux to the rest of the party were brief and cold, and Gilbert himself she only honored by a stately inclination of her beautiful head, with its coronal of bright chestnut hair, and coquettish little curls dotted about a broad white forehead.

Mr. Sinclair stood bare-headed under the porch as the Walsingham brougham drove away, and then turned with a frown to perform his duties in other directions. Here, however, he found there was nothing left for him to do. Miss Morton and her companion had been escorted to their carriage by Sir Cyprian Davenant and Mr. Wyatt, and were waiting to bid their host good-by.

"And a thousand thanks for our delightful day, Mr. Sinclair, which we are not likely to forget for a long time, are we, Imogen?"

Miss Imogen Harlow, who had been born Watson and christened Mary Anne, shook her empty little head coquettishly, and declared that the memory of that Richmond dinner would remain with her to her dying day. And on the way home the two ladies discussed Mr. Sinclair and his income, and speculated as to the chances of his ultimately marrying Mrs. Walsingham.

CHAPTER II.

"WHEN WE TWO PARTED."

SIR CYPRIAN DAVENANT and James Wyatt went back to town by rail, and parted company at Waterloo, the baronet going westward to his bachelor lodgings in one of the shabbier streets about Grosvenor Square, the lawyer to a big dull house on the coldest side of Russell Square, which his father had bought and furnished some fifty years before, and in which there was a large collection of old pictures, and a still larger collection of rare old wines stored away in great gloomy cellars with ponderous iron-plated doors. Mr. Wyatt the elder had done a good deal of business of a very profitable kind with the youthful members of the British aristocracy, had raised loans for them at heavy rates of interest, never omitting to remind them of the sacrifice they made, and only yielding to the stern necessities of their position in a reluctant grudging spirit at the last; whereby the foolish young men were in no manner prevented from rushing blindfold along the broad road to ruin, but were kept in ignorance of the fact that it was from Thomas Wyatt's own coffers that the money came, and that to him the interest accrued.

James Wyatt inherited his father's cautious spirit, together with his father's handsome fortune, and he had cultivated very much the same kind of business, making himself eminently useful to his young friends, and winning for himself the character of a most prudent friend and adviser. He did not take the risks of an ordinary money-lender, and he raised money for his clients on terms that seemed moderate when compared with the usurer's exorbitant demands; but he contrived, nevertheless, to profit considerably by every transaction, and he never let a client escape him while there was a feather to pluck.

Sir Cyprian Davenant had been in this gentleman's hands ever since his coming of age, but now that there was not an acre of the Davenant estate unmortgaged, and the day was not far off in which must come foreclosure and sale, the relations between the two men were rather those of friendship than business. Cyprian had lived his life, had wasted his last available shilling, and had reformed. His dissipations had never been of a base or degrading order. He had been wild and reckless, had played high at his club, and lost money on the turf, and kept an extravagant stud, and ridden in steeple-chases at home and abroad, and had indulged in many other follies peculiar to his age and station; but he had no low vices, and when his money was gone, and the freshness of youth with it, he fell from the ranks of his fast friends without a sigh. It was too late for him to think of a profession; and there seemed to be no brighter fate possible for him than the dreary monotony of old bachelorhood on a limited income.

"I suppose I shall live to be an old fogy," he said to himself. "I shall have my particular corner at the club, and be greedy about the newspapers, and bore the youngsters with my stupid old stories. What a life to look forward to!"

Sir Cyprian had work to do after the Richmond dinner, and was occupied till long after daybreak with letter writing and the last details of his packing. When all was done, he was still wakeful, and sat by his writing-table in the morning sunlight thinking of the past and the future with a gloomy face.

Thinking of the past—of all those careless hours in which one bright girlish face had been the chief influence of his life; thinking of the future in which he was to see that sweet face no more.

"How happy we have been together!" he thought, as he bent over a photograph framed in the lid of his dispatch-box, contemplating the lovely face with a fond smile, and a tender, dreaming look in his dark eyes. "What long hours of boredom I have gone through in the way of evening parties in order to get a waltz with her, or a few minutes of quiet talk in some balcony or conservatory, and all for the vain delight of loving her—without one ray of hope for the future, with the knowledge that I was doing her a great wrong in following her up so closely with my barren love! So even James Wyatt saw my infatuation; and hers, he said. Is there any truth in that last assertion, I wonder? Does Constance really care for me? I have never asked her the question, never betrayed myself by any direct avowal. Yet these things make themselves understood somehow, and I think my darling knows that I would die for her; and I think I know that she will never care for any man as she could care for me."

He shut the dispatch-box, and began to walk slowly up and down the room, thinking.

"There would be just time for me to do it," he said to himself, presently—"just time for me to run down to Davenant, and see the old place once more. It will be sold before I come back from

Africa, if ever I do come back. And there would be the chance of seeing her. I know the Clanyardes have gone back to Kent. Yes, I will run down to Davenant for a few hours. A man must be hard indeed who does not care to give one farewell look at the house in which the brightest years of his life have been spent. And I may see her again, only to say good-by, and to see if she is sorry for my going. What more can I say to her? What more need be said? She knows that I would lay down my life for her."

He went to his room, and slept a kind of fitful sleep until eight o'clock, when he woke with a start, and began to dress for his journey. At nine he was driving through the streets in a Hansom, and at mid-day he was in one of the woody lanes leading across country from the little Kentish railway station to his own ancestral domain, the place he had once been proud and fond of, but which he looked at now in bitterness of spirit and with a passionate regret. The estate had been much encumbered when it fell into his hands, but he knew that, with prudence, he might have saved the greater part of it. He entered the park by a rustic gateway, beside which there was a keeper's lodge, a gate dividing the thickest part of the wood from a broad green valley, where the fern grew deep under the spreading branches of grand old oaks, and around the smooth silver-gray trunks of mighty beeches. The Davenant timber had suffered little from the prodigal's destroying hand. He could better endure the loss of the place than its desecration. The woman at the keeper's lodge welcomed her master with an exclamation of surprise.

"I hope you have come to stay, Sir Cyprian," she said, dropping a rustic courtesy.

"No, Mrs. Mead, I have only come for a last look at the old place before I go away from England."

"Going away, Sir? that's bad news."

Cyprian cut short her lamentations with a friendly nod, and was walking on, when it suddenly struck him that the woman might be useful.

"Oh, by-the-way," he said, "Lord Clanyarde is at Marchbrook, is he not?"

"Yes, Sir; the family have been there for the last week."

"Then I'll walk over there before I go on to the house, if you'll unlock the gate again, Mrs. Mead."

"Shall I send one of my boys to the house with a message, Sir, about dinner, or any thing?"

"You are very good. Yes, you can send the lad to tell old Mrs. Pomfret to get me something to eat at six o'clock, if you please. I must get back to London by the 7.30 train."

"Deary me, Sir, going back so soon as that?"

The gates of Marchbrook were about a mile distant from the keeper's lodge. Lord Clanyarde's house was a dreary red brick habitation of the Georgian era, with long lines of narrow windows looking out upon a blank expanse of pasture land, by courtesy a park. An avenue of elms led from the lodge-gate to the southern front of the house, and on the western side there was a prim Dutch garden, divided from the park by a ha-ha. The place was in perfect order, but there was a cold, bare look about every thing that was eminently suggestive of poverty.

A woman at the lodge informed Sir Cyprian that there was no one at home. Lord Clanyarde had driven to Maidstone; Miss Clanyarde was in the village. She had gone to see the children at the National School. She would be home at two to lunch, no doubt, according to her usual habit. She was very fond of the school, and sometimes spent her morning in teaching the children.

"But they leave school at twelve, don't they?" demanded Sir Cyprian.

"Yes, Sir; but I dare say Miss Constance has stopped to talk to Miss Evans, the school-mistress. She is a very genteel young person, and quite a favorite with our ladies."

Cyprian Davenant knew the little school-house and the road by which Constance Clanyarde must return from her mission. Nothing could be more pleasant to him than the idea of meeting her in her solitary walk. He turned away from the lodge-keeper, muttering something vague about calling again later, and walked at a rapid pace to the neighboring village, which consisted of two straggling rows of old-fashioned cottages fringing the skirts of a common. Close to the old ivy-covered church, with its massive square tower and grass-grown grave-yard, there was a modern Gothic building in which the village children struggled through the difficulties of an educational course, and from the open windows whereof their youthful voices rang loudly out upon the summer air every morning in a choral version of the multiplication table.

Miss Clanyarde was standing in the little stone porch talking to the school-mistress when Sir Cyprian opened the low wooden gate. She looked up at the sound of his footstep with a sudden blush.

"I did not know you were at Davenant, Sir Cyprian," she said, with some little embarrassment, as they shook hands.

"I have not been at Davenant, Miss Clanyarde. I only left town this morning. I have come down here to say good-by to Davenant and all old friends."

The blush faded and left the lovely face very pale.

"Is it true that you are going to Africa, Sir Cyprian? I heard from some friends in town that you were going to join Captain Harcourt's expedition."

"It is quite true. I promised Harcourt some years ago that if he ever went again I would go with him."

"And you are pleased to go, I suppose?"

"No, Miss Clanyarde, not pleased to go. But I think that sort of thing is about the best employment for the energies of a waif and stray, such as I am. I have lived my life, you see, and have not a single card left to play in the game of civilized existence. There is some hope of adventure out yonder. Are you going home?"

"Yes, I was just saying good-by to Miss Evans as you came in."

"Then I'll walk back to Marchbrook with you, if you'll allow me. I told the lodge-keeper I would return by-and-by in the hope of finding Lord Clanyarde."

"You have been to Marchbrook already, then?"

"Yes, and they told me at the lodge that I should find you here."

After this there came rather an awkward silence. They walked away from the school-house side by side, Sir Cyprian furtively watchful of his companion's face, in which there were signs of a sorrow that seemed something deeper than the conventional regret which a fashionable beauty might express for the departure of a favorite waltzer.

The silence was not broken until they had arrived at a point where two roads met, the turnpike road to Marchbrook, and a shady lane—a cross-country road, above which the overarching branches of the elms made a roof of foliage at this bright midsummer season. There was a way of reaching Marchbrook by this lane—a tempting walk compared to the high-road.

"Let us go back by the lane," said Cyprian. "It is a little longer, but I am sure you are not in a hurry. You would have dawdled away half the morning talking to that young woman at the school, if I hadn't come to fetch you; and it will be our last walk together, Constance. I may call you Constance, may I not, as I used when you were in the nursery? I am entitled to a few dismal privileges, like a dying man, you know. Oh, Constance, what happy hours we have spent together in these Kentish lanes! I shall see them in my dreams out yonder, and your face will shine down upon me from a background of green leaves and blue sky; and then I shall awake to find myself camping out upon some stretch of barren sand, with jackals howling in the distance."

"What a dreadful picture!" said Constance, with a faint forced laugh. "But if you are so reluctant to leave England, why do you persist in this African expedition?"

"It is a point of honor with me to keep my promise; and it is better for me to be away from England."

"You are the best judge of that question."

Sir Cyprian was slow to reply to this remark. He had come down to Kent upon a sudden impulse, determined in no manner to betray his own folly, and bent only upon snatching the vain delight of a farewell interview with the girl he loved. But to be with her and not to tell her the truth was more difficult than he had imagined. He could see that she was sorry for his departure. He believed that she loved him, but he knew enough of Viscount Clanyarde's principles and his daughter's education to know there would be something worse than cruelty in asking this girl to share his broken fortunes.

"Yes, Constance," he went on, "it is better for me to be away. So long as I am here it is the old story of the insect and the flame. I can not keep out of temptation. I can not keep myself from haunting the places where I am likely to meet the girl I love, fondly, foolishly, hopelessly. Don't look at me with those astonished eyes, my darling; you have known my secret ever so long. I meant to keep silence till the very end; but, you see, the words are spoken in spite of me. My love, I dare not ask you to be my wife. I dare only tell you that no other woman will fill that place. You are not angry with me, Constance, for having spoken?"

"Angry with you—" she began, and then broke down utterly and burst into tears.

He drew his arm round her with a tender protecting gesture, and soothed her gently, as if she had been a child.

"My darling, I am not worth your tears. If I had been a better man, I might have redeemed Davenant by this time, and might have hoped to make you my wife. There would have been some hope for me, would there not, dear, if I could have offered you a home that your father could approve?"

"I am not so mercenary as you think me," answered Constance, drying her tears and disengaging herself from Sir Cyprian's encircling arm. "I am not afraid of poverty. But I know that my father would never forgive—"

"And I know it too, my dearest girl, and you shall not be asked to break with your father for such a man as I. I never meant to speak of this, dear, but perhaps it is better that I should have spoken. You will soon forget me, Constance, and I shall hear of you making some brilliant marriage before I have been away very long. God grant the man may be worthy of you! God grant you may marry a good man!"

"I am not very likely to marry," replied Miss Clanyarde.

"My dearest, it is not possible you can escape; and Heaven forbid that my memory should come between you and a happy future! It is enough for one of us to carry the burden of a life-long regret."

There was much more talk between them before they arrived at a little gate opening into the Marchbrook kitchen-garden, fond regretful talk of the days that were gone, in which they had been so much together down in Kent, with all the freedom permitted between friends and neighbors of long standing, the days before Constance had made her début in the great world.

Sir Cyprian did not persevere in his talked-of visit to Lord Clanyarde. He had, in truth, very little desire to see that gentleman, who was one of the most pompous and self-opinionated of noblemen. At the little garden gate he grasped Miss Clanyarde's two hands in his own with one fond, fervent clasp.

"You know the old story," he said: "'it must be for years, and it may be forever.' It *is* an eternal parting for me, darling, for I can never hope to call you by that sweet name again. You have been very good to me in letting me speak so freely to-day, and it is a kind of consolation to have told you my sorrow. God bless you, and good-by?"

This was their parting. Sir Cyprian went back to Davenant, and spent a dreary hour in walking up and down the corridor and looking into the empty rooms. He remembered them tenanted with the loved and lost. How dreary they were now in their blank and unoccupied state, and how little likelihood there was that he should ever see them again! His dinner was served for him in a pretty breakfast-room, with a bay-window overlooking a garden that had been his mother's delight, and where the roses she had loved still blossomed in all their glory. The memory of the dead was with him as he ate his solitary meal, and he was glad when it was time for him to leave the great desolate house, in which every door closed with a dismal reverberation, as if it had been shutting upon a vault.

He left Davenant immediately after dinner, and walked back to the little station, thinking mournfully enough of his day's work and of the life that lay before him. Before noon next day he and his companions were on the first stage of their journey, speeding toward Marseilles.

[to be continued.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER, 1876.

Sunday,	10.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	17.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday,	24.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	28.—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	1.—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	8.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	18.—St. Luke.
Sunday,	22.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday,	29.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

The religious press devotes much attention to the remarkable appeal of Archbishop Purcell to the people of the United States. The *St. Louis and Memphis Presbyterian* sees in it a device for the catching of votes. The *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, takes the same view. It says: "We do not know of any special reason for this 'declaration of principles' at this particular juncture, unless it be that an important election is at hand.....The doctrine the archbishop sets forth will also strike many as new. The *Telegraph*, which has generally been held as expressing his views, and regarded as his organ, has heretofore opposed our public-school system in no stinted terms. It has used against the system the common arguments, and they need not now be stated.....It is with refreshing surprise that we read the venerable prelate as saying in the opening of his epistle, 'For years the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the public schools has been either knowingly or ignorantly misrepresented.'" The *Interior*, of Chicago, thinks the archbishop's letter "something of a curiosity." It adds: "The fact is, that 'bigoted and malignant ranting' against the free schools has been more conspicuous in the archbishop's own organ, the *Catholic Telegraph*, than any where else. His paper has been ferocious, sometimes blasphemous, against our free-school system.....The change of tone is rather too sudden. It ought to have tapered off by degrees."

The official statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church South for 1875, which have just appeared, show the number of traveling preachers to be 3271, an increase of 47; the total of members and preachers as 731,361; an increase over 1874 of 23,929. The collections for foreign and domestic missions were $120,128.

The announcement will be received with regret of the intended resignation of Archbishop Trench, of Dublin. An accident which befell him some time since has made it difficult for him to discharge the duties of his office.

Among the questions likely to come before the National Conference of Unitarians, to be held in September, is that of missionary work in the Southern States. A very comprehensive plan of such work was outlined in 1864, but it has not been carried out very effectively. The *Liberal Christian*, in commenting on this failure, says that it may be claimed "that Unitarians as a class are not interested in missionary work, do not believe in it, and can not reasonably be expected to take part in it. This is precisely the condition of things of which we complain, and which, in our judgment, is gradually sapping the life of our body, and hurrying it to an early death and burial."

After an earnest debate of four days' duration, the British Wesleyan Conference adopted the plan of lay representation reported by the committee appointed one year ago. The resolution on which the final decision turned was offered by the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, and was as follows: "That it is expedient that lay representation shall be admitted during the time when such matters shall be considered and decided as are hereinafter declared to be within the province of ministers and laymen sitting jointly." Dr. Punshon and Mr. Arthur advocated the resolution, the latter obtaining permission to have his argument read by a friend; Dr. Osborn and Dr. Pope, of the late deputation to America, opposed it. The vote stood—for admitting lay delegates, 369; against, 49.

Dr. Döllinger has entitled himself to the thanks of the Christian world by choosing as the theme of his recent oration before the Academy of Sciences at Munich, "The Influence of the Jesuits on the Course of Theology in Germany." Comparing Protestant and Catholic theology for the last two hundred years, he described the former as "the first-born daughter of the Reformation, and the genuine product of the German mind when the nation was itself theological." German Catholic theology entered upon a new course of development after the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773, but this progress has been arrested by the events of 1870. "In the fatal year 1870," says Dr. Döllinger, "those hands which have shattered every chance of an agreement between the Church and the Empire, which have necessitated the permanent state of war between them—even those hands have ruined theology within the Catholic confession. The old mortal enemy of the German people and of German science, Jesuitism, has conquered her."

The investigation of the subject of Chinese immigration is one of the objects contemplated in the tour of the Rev. Dr. William Speer, late secretary of the Presbyterian Publication Board, through China and Japan. He has the capital advantage of having been a missionary among the Chinese both in China and on the Pacific coast.

The annual meeting of the International Sunday-school Lesson Committee is announced to take place in New York, September 6. It is contemplated in the plan of this committee that the course of Scripture lessons shall extend through seven years. This term will expire in 1879. The committee will this year decide upon the lessons for 1878.

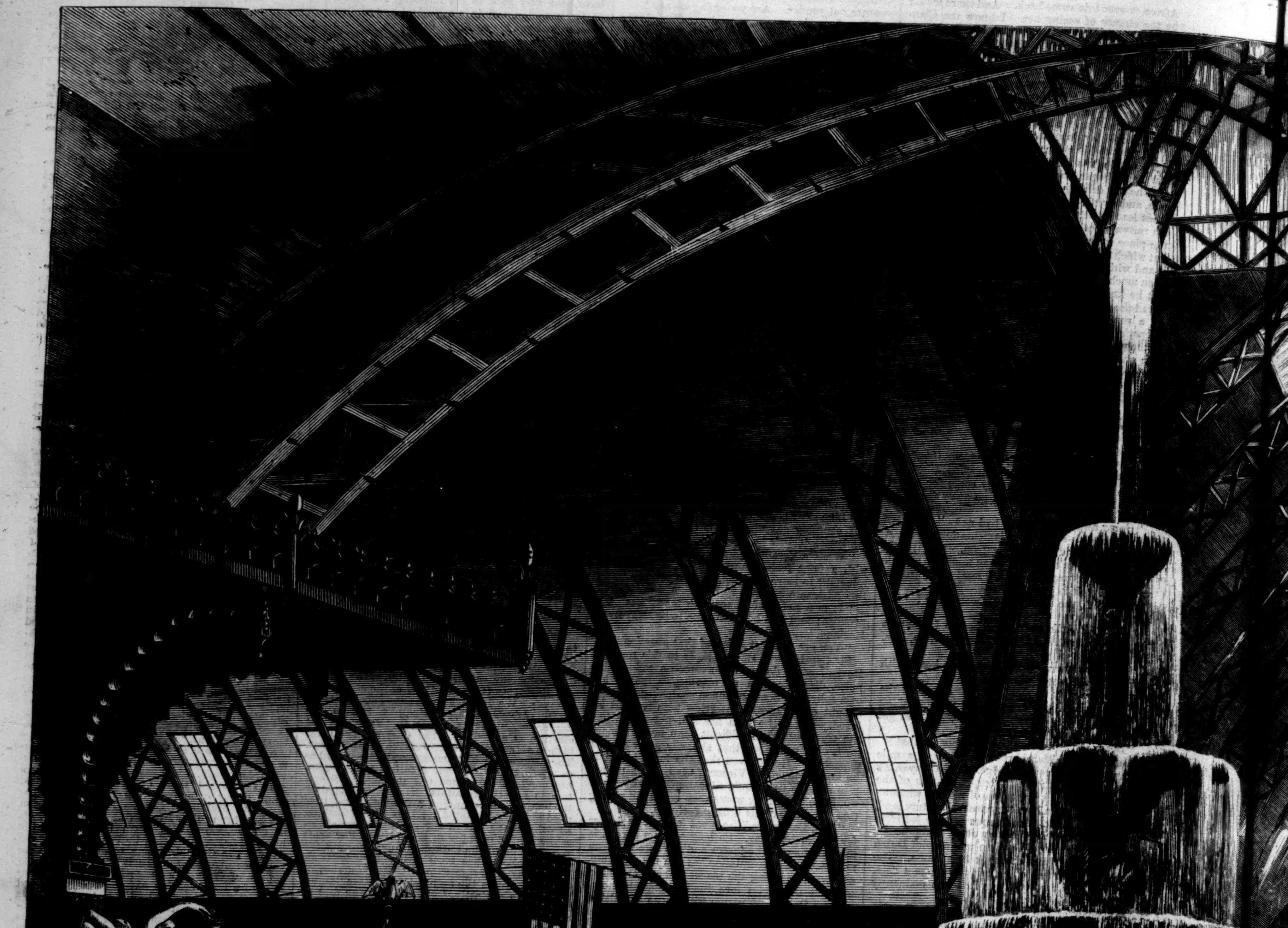
The commissions appointed by the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South to remove, if possible, the obstacles to the restoration of fraternity have brought their labors to a successful conclusion. Their meeting was held at Cape May, New Jersey, beginning August 16 and ending August 23. The difficulties were of two kinds—those growing out of alleged imputations upon the origin of the Southern Methodist Church, and those growing out of the possession by either Church of places of worship belonging to the other. The Southern Methodists have always resented the charge that they were seceders from the Methodist Episcopal Church. They have claimed that the consent of the General Conference of 1844 to a plan of separation made their organization perfectly regular. In relation to this point the Commissioners agreed upon the following statement: "Each of the [two] Churches is a legitimate branch of Episcopal Methodism in the United States, having a common origin in the Methodist Episcopal Church, organized in 1784; and since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in 1845, by the voluntary exercise of the rights of the Southern Annual Conferences, ministers, and members to adhere to that communion, it has been an evangelical Church, reared on Scriptural foundations, and her ministers and members, with those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have constituted one Methodist family in distinct ecclesiastical connections."

Shortly before and during the late war numerous congregations in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Tennessee, and other Southern States changed their ecclesiastical relations, some going over from the Northern to the Southern Methodist Church, and others from the Southern to the Northern. They could not, of course, carry with them the title to the houses of worship which they continued to occupy. The Commissioners recommend a continuance of occupancy as it is at present, except in cases where a clear majority of the members of a congregation have been dispossessed of their church edifice. Cases to which this rule can not be satisfactorily applied they advise to be settled by arbitration. Weak churches are recommended to unite, becoming Northern or Southern Methodist according to the circumstances of their situation. Although these terms of agreement are not drawn with a view to the union of the two bodies, they will undoubtedly strengthen fraternal affection. Their bearing upon the restoration of concord between the North and the South it is unnecessary to point out.

The raising of the representative of France to the Kingdom of Italy from the rank of a *chargé d'affaires* to that of an embassador is an event of much significance. After the humiliating disasters of 1870, France showed a strong disposition toward a closer union with the papacy. Pilgrimages were made to sacred shrines; an expiatory national church was begun on the heights of Montmartre; the two prayers, "Save France and the Pope," were linked together. During the last two years the Catholic ardor of the French people has visibly cooled. Simultaneously with the raising of the rank of the French representative at the Italian court, General Cialdini, who defeated the papal army in 1860, has been made embassador to France.

The Spanish race and their descendants in America slowly but with unmistakable advances assert their independence of the Church. In the recent treaty between Guatemala and San Salvador it is stipulated that the latter shall expel the Jesuits. At present the Jesuits control Ecuador, but they are the objects of a growing distrust throughout Spanish America.

The comments of the Roman Catholic papers of the country upon the votes in the House of Representatives and the Senate on the school amendment are very bitter, and contrast very strangely with Archbishop Purcell's assertion that the "Church" wishes only the privilege of establishing its schools in peace. On August 10 the archbishop's address to the people of the United States appeared in the *Catholic Telegraph*; on the 17th the same paper thus expressed itself: "The public schools, says the Republican majority of the Senate, shall be non-sectarian, provided they are allowed to remain *Protestant*, for this enforced Bible-reading makes them nothing less than Protestant institutions. It is the old story of Protestant fraud and hypocrisy. While a share of the school fund is refused to Catholics for the training of their own children, Protestantism, in the same breath in which it insists upon this refusal of equity, plans the theft of their money to convert the schools into nurseries of the Protestant sects.....The base proposal of such an act would fully justify the sarcasm of the cynical Carlyle: 'The Great Republic numbers forty millions of people, *mostly fools*.'"



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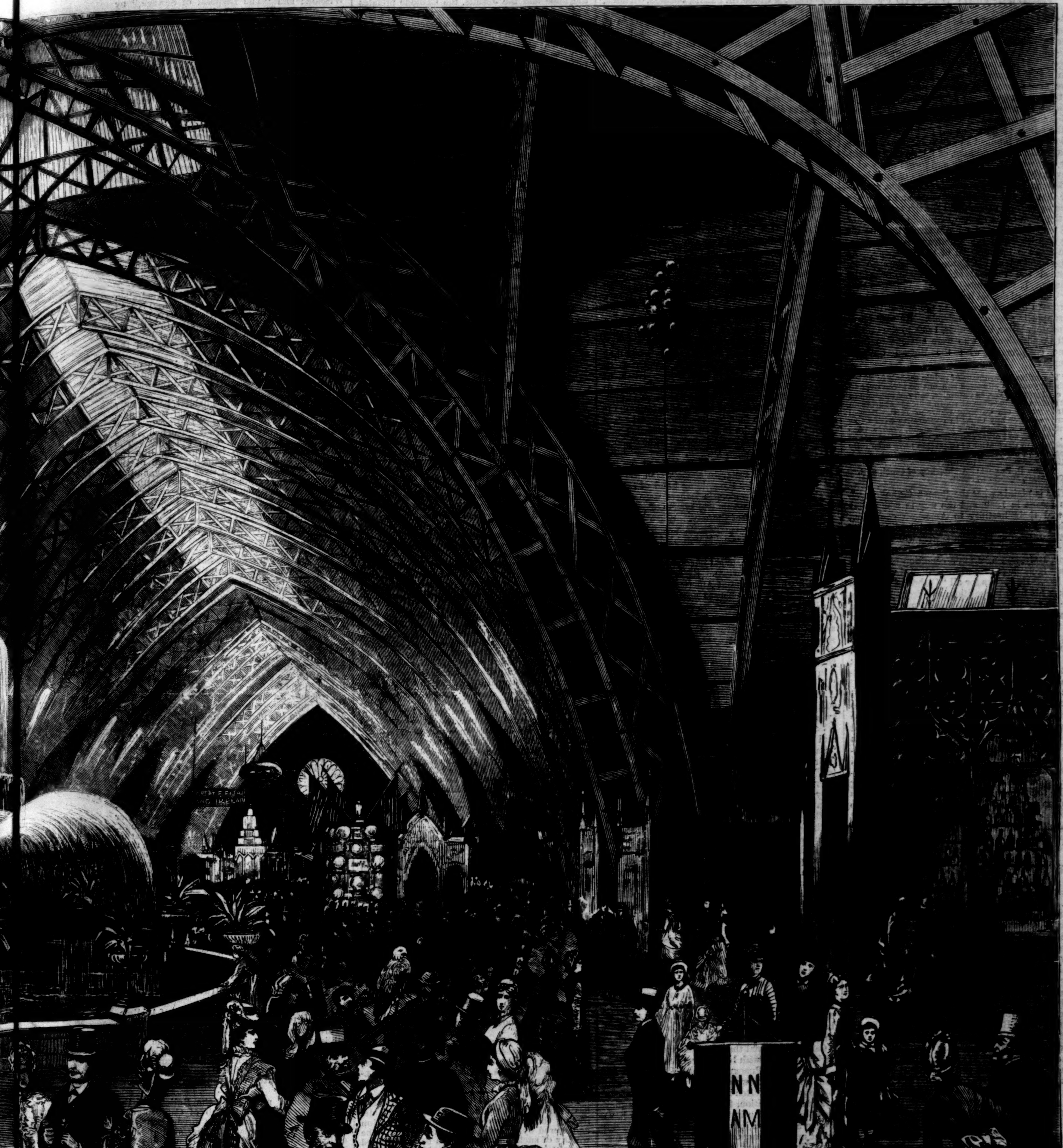


AGRICULTURAL HALL.—[See Page 732.]

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S DEMOCRATIC PASTORAL.

Archbishop Purcell has published a pastoral letter, in which he asserts that "the Catholic Church has been falsely and foully accused of designing the destruction of the common-school system." He is anxious to convey the impression that the Roman Catholic prelates and clergy have never been, and are not now, the enemies of free and unsectarian education. It would be difficult to produce a plainer misstatement of well-known facts. This extraordinary pastoral is the result of that clouded and irrational condition of the intellect in which most papal prelates live in a free country, of minds that remember only what they choose, and forget easily what they have done to stay the progress of knowledge and freedom. Does not Bishop Purcell remember that he himself for ten years and more has been agitating in Cincinnati for the total change of the form of its system of public instruction? No man has labored more actively than he for the destruction of the American plan of education and the introduction of the European. At the command of his European masters he demanded the removal of the Bible from the schools. It was granted. Next he insisted that the Cincinnati School Board should introduce the European method of dividing the school fund or of supporting sectarian schools. He wrote in a mandatory letter, September, 1869, to the Cincinnati Commissioners, who were anxious to form some compromise with the Roman Catholic Church:

> "The entire government of public schools in which Catholic youth is educated can not be given over to the civil power. We, as Catholics, can not approve of that system of education of youth which is apart from instruction in the Catholic Church. If the School Board can offer any thing in conformity with these principles, as has been done in England, France, Canada, Prussia, and other countries, where the rights of conscience in the matter of education have been fully recognized, I am prepared to give it respectful consideration. (Signed,)
>
> "John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati.
>
> "Cincinnati, *September* 18, 1869."

This is plainly what the Roman Catholic prelates meant in 1869, and the way in which they showed their hostility to American education. Bishop Purcell demands the introduction of that European and foreign system which has left France, England, and all Roman Catholic Germany, Italy, and Spain in a condition of extraordinary ignorance. He will be satisfied with nothing less. He speaks for all "Catholics" when he makes his final proposition, and from 1869 it is safe to say that no one has been more active in laboring for the ruin of the common schools than he; that his official journal, the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, has never ceased its attacks upon American education, American civilization, and every thing that savored of republicanism; that Cincinnati has become the centre of a Jesuitical and ultramontane party, which has boasted that it controlled the whole Catholic vote, and that the whole Catholic vote shall be given to Democratic candidates alone. It was only in the summer of 1875 that Bishop Purcell presided at an immense assemblage of German Catholics in Cincinnati. Bishop M'Quaid delivered the address amidst loud applause. He declared all American education "godless," "pagan," unpopular, doomed to a swift extinction. The meeting or the society pledged itself to send none of its children to the public schools. And yet Bishop Purcell has forgotten all this, and denies that "Catholic prelates are hostile to the public schools of this country."

Possibly he has also forgotten that Cincinnati has become, under his episcopal care, a centre of the most violent form of ultramontane politics. The *Catholic Telegraph*, to which he sends his "pastoral," is the symbol of pretentious Jesuitism. Last summer, encouraged by the apparent strength of "the Church" and the Democracy in Ohio, it presumed to command all Catholics to vote against Governor Hayes and Republicanism; it threatened the Democratic legislators that if they did not obey the orders of the priests, it would brand them with an ineffaceable mark that every Catholic should know. When they yielded in alarm, it declared that "the solid, unbroken Catholic vote" should be given to the obedient Democracy in the fall. Ultramontanism reigned in Ohio under Bishop Purcell. Had the Democrats succeeded at the fall election, it is quite possible that our Catholic prelate might have aimed some dangerous blow at those common schools he is now not unwilling to tolerate. It is certain that the *Catholic Telegraph* would not have hesitated to demand from the trembling Democracy the division of the school fund. But the people of Ohio arose to repel the assumptions of the priests. Governor Hayes was elected by the vigorous action of the patriots of Cleveland, Cincinnati, and the Western Reserve. The "Catholic prelates" were driven from political power. And in 1876, so salutary was the lesson, Bishop Purcell publishes his pastoral, in which he denies that he has ever desired to destroy the American common schools. He thinks, however, that some "fanatics" will still assert "the imaginary opposition of the Catholic clergy to the public schools of this country." He has evidently prepared a campaign document that will prove, he trusts, more serviceable to the Democracy than were last year's bitter denunciations of the Roman Catholic who ventured to vote according to his conscience. But it is plainly not safe to trust a Catholic prelate whose memory is so imperfect, and who may next year forget wholly that he ever consented to waive his life-long hostility to American education. Bishop Purcell and his *Catholic Telegraph* will assume the garb of modesty and decorum in vain. Every one remembers what they have been doing to enforce a reign of ultramontanism and of a corrupt Democracy in Ohio.

Bishop Purcell has been no more accurate in his account of the political conduct of the other Roman Catholic prelates than of his own. Bishops Ryan, M'Quaid, St. Palais, Borgess, Gilmour, the prelates of St. Louis, Savannah, New Orleans, and of the Pacific shore, will naturally smile to hear their opposition to the common schools called "imaginary," to find that they have never desired or attempted their destruction. Said Bishop Gilmour, in his Lenten charge, 1873: "We solemnly charge and most positively require every Catholic in the diocese to support, and send their children to, a Catholic school." "Were Catholics alive and united," he continues, "were they to demand, from every man who asks for their vote, a pledge that he would vote for our just share of the school fund, legislators would learn to respect the Catholic vote, and give us our just rights." This, Bishop Purcell must allow, is no "imaginary hostility" against American schools; it is a plain effort to destroy them. In April, 1872, Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, exclaimed in his address at the ordination of Bishop P. J. Ryan as coadjutor of the Archbishop of St. Louis: "Oh, had the authority of the Church of God remained, would we see in Europe every throne in danger? Would they have invaded the dominion of the parental authority, and compelled a free people in a free country to build up colleges and institutions that give us nothing but infidels?" Maurice St. Palais, Bishop of Vincennes, February, 1872, instructs the pastors of his churches to refuse absolution to parents who, having a choice of schools, prefer to send them to the public. "We object to public schools," he says, "on account of the infidel source from whence they originated." "Godless, immoral, seminaries of sin," are the epithets which Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, is reported to have applied liberally to the common schools. No one has more strenuously urged their abolition than this bishop. It would be easy, in fact, to show that almost every Roman prelate in the country has declared openly his hostility to American education. The bishops of Louisiana, Georgia, Oregon, California, have demanded its destruction, have agitated for the establishment of sectarian schools. In the city of New York, under the guiding hand of Bishop M'Closkey, the Democratic leaders were forced or bribed to found a complete system of sectarian schools at the cost of the city. When the Ring fell, a part of the endowment was withdrawn. But the wound still remains unhealed in the common-school system of the city. Bishop M'Quaid, of Rochester, is the papal champion in the war upon American education. Bishop Purcell has heard his bitter scoffs at American teachers and scholars, his gross charges against their moral purity, his insinuations, more shocking than was once his less repulsive candor. Bishop M'Quaid asserts that he will never rest until the common-school system is destroyed. He demands the division of the school fund. "We propose, with God's help," he says (lecture, November, 1871), "to continue this discussion, this agitation." "All other questions," he adds, "pale before it." And five years later, in 1876, the busy priest is still calling for the overthrow of our whole vast system of public instruction.

So grossly has Bishop Purcell misstated the real position of the bishops and clergy of the "Catholic" Church. They are not only united in their hostility to "the public schools of the country," but have already used all their political influence to destroy them. Had they the power, they would sweep them from the land. "We want no schools," they exclaim, "but those controlled by priest or nun." And nearly the whole Catholic clergy and the whole Catholic press unite with their bishops in a common war upon American education. In the city of New York every papal pulpit has heard the bitter clamor of the foreign priesthood against our public schools, sometimes tempered with ingenious sophistry, and sometimes falling to the lowest ribaldry. The pulpits of Savannah, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco, and Portland renew the discussion. In Oregon the free schools have nearly fallen; in New Mexico a Jesuit instructs the Legislature to destroy them; in Arizona a Chief Justice employs the weight of his official station to lend strength to his argument against American schools; in every ultramontane city they are corrupted and secretly impaired. Every papal newspaper and periodical repeats the clamor against the public schools. It would be in vain to attempt to number the enemies of popular education among them; it would be impossible to find a single "Catholic" journal that does not speak of unsectarian teaching with hatred or disdain.

Had Bishop Purcell expressed his regret for the injuries and wrongs the papal clergy and bishops have so often inflicted upon the American system of education, for the gross slanders they have heaped upon it, for the children they have driven away from its beneficent influence, for the great mass of ignorance and decay they have fostered in our great cities, for the thieves and countless criminals they have created by their persistent opposition to American schools, for their want of discretion and humanity, he might have made some reparation for the obstacles his Church has ever thrown in the path of knowledge. But he repents of nothing; he withdraws nothing. He will have none but "Catholic" schools. He tolerates American education, but he is resolved to have his own. Nor can he do otherwise. A power before which Roman Catholic bishops tremble and obey prevents him from becoming in heart an American. A power that rules supreme in his Church has set the seal of its bitter condemnation upon unsectarian education. Jesuitism and an infallible Pope have declared an inexpiable war upon all secular and liberal teaching. The Pope and the Jesuits conspire to check the spread of knowledge. In France, where the question of education is now the ruling one, where the powers of light and the powers of darkness are divided into two hostile camps of monarchists and republicans, where the deadly struggle between mental progress and mental decay is at its height, the Pope and the Jesuits, the Catholic prelates and priests, alone forbid the creation of a system of common schools and a general education of the people. In Spain they have destroyed the Protestant schools and the first steps in a national progress. In Italy, Germany, England, and Ireland the papal prelates are the chief obstacles in the way of popular education. On the American continent, from Canada to the verge of Patagonia, the "Catholic clergy" have shown a fierce resolution to check the spread of knowledge. They have brought war and bloodshed into every South American republic; they have disturbed the political repose of Canada; and in our own republic, where Archbishop Purcell would so deftly hide their real conduct from the observation of the people, the "Catholic prelates," at the command of their European masters, have proved their undying hatred for freedom, education, knowledge. In the Northern States they control one-half, at least, of the Democratic vote; they are in close sympathy with the ruling assassins of the South; and if their acute and subtle Democratic leaders can elect Hendricks and Tilden, or fix a firmer hold upon the great State of New York, neither pity nor gratitude, nor even their own personal interest, will prevent the "Catholic prelates" from proving their hostility to American education. If beaten at the next election, they will receive a just rebuke, and the people will show that they mean in future to permit no foreign priests to meddle with the political affairs of the American continent.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The first circular of the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, has been published, giving an account of the arrangement for the definite initiation of this most important educational enterprise. Our readers are probably aware that this was founded by the munificence of a citizen of Baltimore, who bequeathed most of his estate for the establishment of a university and hospital, the share of each amounting to $3,000,000, and the co-operation of the two, especially in the promotion of medical education, being desired. The gifts are free from ecclesiastical and political control, and the foundation is without conditions, except that the capital can not be used for buildings.

Mr. Hopkins died in Baltimore December 24, 1873, at the age of seventy-nine. He left his property in charge of twelve trustees, embracing some of the most eminent of the citizens of Baltimore.

The first step in the organization of the university consisted in the selection of Professor Daniel C. Gilman, formerly of Yale College, and more recently president of the University of California, as president of the university. He entered upon his duties May 1, 1875, and spent a portion of the following summer in visiting the principal educational institutions of this country and Europe.

It is now proposed that the first year of instruction shall commence on the 3d of October, and be an experimental one, the plans being subject to revision as experience may dictate.

The permanent buildings of the university will be established at Clifton, near Baltimore, but temporary rooms are provided at present in Howard Street. The mistake of so many American institutions in putting an excessive proportion of their funds in buildings will be avoided in the present instance.

The charges for tuition will be eighty dollars a year, with special fees for particular courses, lectures, etc., the charges being thus merely nominal. Four classes of the academic staff are proposed, the first consisting of the president and professors, who give their whole time to the university; second, lecturers, many of whom are professors in other colleges, and who will give special courses; third, the associates, who are younger men, some being independent teachers and some assistants; fourth, fellows, who are college graduates still pursuing advanced studies.

The associates and the fellows are selected with reference to their ability to do original work under the direction of the university, and receive a certain stated compensation, with the understanding that they render a given amount of assistance during the year to the university.

Six professors so far have been appointed, among them two from England, Professor H. N. Martin, biologist, and Professor Sylvester, mathematician, both being men of wide reputation.

Among the lecturers may be mentioned Dr. Billings, Professor Hilgard, and Professor Newcomb, of Washington, Professor Mallet, General Francis A. Walker, Professor William D. Whitney, and others.

For some years past the British Parliament has made a grant to the Royal Society for defraying the expenses of scientific investigation considered by a committee of the society to be worthy of such aid, and this has been expended in assisting investigators to provide themselves with apparatus and assistance, but never in personal payment to the investigators themselves.

The British government has now proposed that an additional sum of four thousand pounds sterling be granted, making five thousand in all, to be expended under the direction of the Royal Society and other bodies associated with it, and to continue for five years, after which time the results of the experiment can be considered, and a decision arrived at as to the continuation of this mode of assistance. The new grant can be expended in payment of a salary, by which deserving investigators, without the necessary means of support, can be enabled to prosecute their inquiries.

An important addition has been made to the valuable documents published by the Massachusetts State Board of Health, in the form of a special report on the pollutions of certain rivers in the State, such as the Blackstone, Charles, Chickopee, and others, with general observations on water supplies and sewerage, as prepared by Mr. James P. Kirkwood. There is also an appendix, containing certain analyses by Professor Nichols; "The Drainage and Sewerage of the State from a Sanitary Point of View," by Dr. Winsor; and "The Disposal of Sewage," by Dr. Folsom. The report closes with a series of summaries and recommendations.

From this report we learn that the most wide-spread evil in Massachusetts, as brought out by the investigations of the board, is the dampness of soil arising from incomplete drainage, or the lack of removal of the water.

The general question of the disposition of sewage is one that has occupied the attention of the board. A well-ordered water supply, water-closets, and suitable drainage in connection with a system of sewers is, of course, the best. The substitutes for water-closets are, first, frequent disinfection with dry earth, and prompt and complete removal of all excrement; second, the disposition of slop-water in such a way that it can not putrefy and contaminate the air in the neighborhood of dwellings. This is well attained by a system of irrigation devised by Mr. Rogers Field, of London; but where this can not be adapted, it is said that the safest way is to dispose of slop-water on the surface of the ground not near dwellings, where the organic matters in suspension or solution will be taken up by vegetation. All tanks, reservoirs, cess-pools, etc., may be always looked upon as likely to cause serious trouble under the immense majority of circumstances.

The interest which attaches to the Australian fish known as the *Ceratodus* (*C. forsteri*) is well known to naturalists. M. Castelnau, in Gervais's *Journal of Zoology*, calls attention to several other Australian species of equal interest. These are the *Neoceratodus blanchardi* and the *Osteoglossum leichardti*.

The *Ceratodus forsteri* attains a length of six feet, and its flesh is said to be excellent and rather red, on which account it is called the Burnett salmon.

It is quite restricted in its habitat, having only been met with in the Burnett and the Condamine rivers. The *Osteoglossum leichardti* reaches a weight of twenty-five pounds. The fish is very handsome, and is taken with the hook. The *Neoceratodus blanchardi* is something like the *Ceratodus*, but differs in the structure of the teeth. It is found in the river Fitzroy, and attains a weight of from forty to ninety pounds.

The rivers in which this fish is found become almost dry at certain seasons of the year, and it is still a problem what becomes of them, although it is suggested by some that they bury in the mud, and remain there until the return of water.

The Danish government has made an appropriation for further explorations in Greenland, and Mr. Steenstrup has sailed for that country with the intention of exploring the district of Julianshaab, and the interior eastward from that point.

Mr. Steenstrup is a nephew of the eminent zoologist of that name, chief of the Government Zoological Museum, and has already visited some of the northern portions of Greenland.

Dr. Rink, so long known in connection with matters in South Greenland, is about preparing a work on the Danish arctic regions, to be published in the English language.

Professor Jonstrup has gone to Iceland for the purpose of exploring the neighborhood of Myvatn and the new volcanoes.

Considerable attention has lately been paid to the subject of the therapeutical value of plants of the genus *Silphium*, to which the well-known "compass weed" of the Western prairies belongs. It is used more particularly in cases of phthisis, and, according to Dr. Laval, produces the following results: first, the re-appearance of appetite if this has disappeared; second, the relief of the difficulty in breathing, and an easier respiration; third, a much less painful cough, the phlegm being more natural, and indicating less the phenomenon of tuberculosis. All these effects—increase of appetite, augmentation and modification of the bronchial secretions, and more easy respiration—show that important functional activity is produced by the use of the medicine.

According to other authors, however, caution is to be exercised in its administration, as in certain stages it may do more harm than good. Further and more extended experiments will be required in order to determine precisely how to apply this remedy, and, indeed, whether it has the virtues attributed to it by its sanguine advocates. It is to be remarked that the ancients attached great therapeutic virtue to the use of silphium, considering it as a true panacea.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Acclimatation of Paris, a medal of the first class was awarded to Lieutenant Mariot for having established at the island of Arutna, one of the Paumotou islands of the Oceanic group, artificial inclosures for the cultivation of pearl-oysters, the result of the experiments so far made promising that the enterprise would be successful.

The second number of the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge is not inferior in value to its predecessor, and maintains the promise of being an important addition to the literature of ornithology. It embraces a paper on the *Buteo vulgaris*, by Mr. Ridgway, notices of the birds of Illinois, by Mr. Nelson, and an extremely important contribution to our knowledge of the breeding habits of Clark's crow, by Captain Charles Bendire, of the United States army.

The annual report of the Chief Signal Officer for the year ending November 1, 1875, has just made its appearance from the government printing-office in the form of a document of about 475 pages of text, and containing seventy-six plates, showing the peculiarities of the meteorological conditions in different parts of the country for the different months, and giving many general conclusions of much interest.

We have already referred to the Norwegian Atlantic expedition, which left Bergen on the 1st of June for the Sognefiord. Here the first week was spent in preparatory work, the temperature of the bottom being found precisely the same as in former years, in 600 fathoms, namely, 43.7° F.

The second week was spent at Huso, a small island at the mouth of the Sognefiord, where magnetical base observations were made. On the 20th of June the expedition proceeded to the deep channel extending from the Skagerrack up to Cape Stadt. A flat bottom was first found at a depth of about 200 fathoms, with an Atlantic fauna. Afterward the temperature began to fall, while the depth remained unchanged.

Still further on, with the increase of depth, the temperature diminished, until finally, at 300 fathoms, the Casella-Miller thermometer indicated 32°, and at 400 fathoms 30°. The fauna was arctic and glacial. Some interesting new species of marine animals were obtained. On the 23d of June the expedition went into Christiansand, expecting to leave in a few days for the Faroe Islands.

The third International Congress of Orientalists will convene in St. Petersburg from the 1st to the 10th of September. Four of the meetings will be devoted to the ethnology and philology of Russian provinces, and the next three meetings will treat of Turkestan, India, etc. The concluding meetings will be occupied with Oriental archæology and numismatics in general.

A few years ago the only species of humming-bird known with certainty to occur within the limits of the United States were the ruby-crowned, of Eastern North America, and the rufois or Nootkan hummer, of the Pacific coast. Since then quite a number of additions have been made by Mr. Xantus, Captain Feilner, Dr. Heerman, Mr. Henshaw, and others, a number of these being species occurring in Mexico, and detected across the United States border. The most recent addition of the kind is in the discovery by Dr. Merrill, of the United States army, in Texas, of *Pyrrhophæna riefferi*, taken not far from Brownsville.

There are about thirty species of humming-birds known to occur on the table-lands of Mexico, nearly all of which will be found to belong to the fauna of the United States.

The final results, in compact form, of the investigations of the second Austro-Hungarian polar expedition have recently been published in Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, with a fnap and description of Franz-Joseph Land, on the coast of East Greenland. This land is something like Spitzbergen in extent, and embraces several groups of islands, of which Wilczek Land is the largest eastern and Zichy Land the western. Austria Sound divides these masses at Prince Rudolf Land, where it throws off the northeasterly arm, which has been called Rawlinson Sound. As in Northeast Greenland, Nova Zembla, and Northern Siberia, this Franz-Joseph Land gives indications of a slow process of rising from the sea, well marked drift terraces surrounding the shores. Vegetation proves to be very scanty, much inferior to that in Greenland and Spitzbergen. There is no trace of a former occupation by man; the southern portion is also without animal life. In the northwest, however, the snow was crossed by many tracks of foxes, seals abound on the shores, and the cliffs were covered by thousands of sea-birds.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for his correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a comfortable independence, being called on at a social meeting for a toast, gave, "Success to forgery!"

A country apothecary, not a little distinguished for his impudence, in the hope of disconcerting a young clergyman whom he knew to be a man of singular modesty, asked him, in the presence of a large company at a public assembly, "Why did the patriarchs of old live to such an old age?" To which the clergyman replied, "I suppose the ancient patriarchs took no physic."

A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name any thing surpassing its powers. A hearer demurred, and instanced a lady, who, when young, used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

"Much remains unsung," as the tomcat remarked to the brickbat when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

The following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:

"Here lies the body of Alexander M'Pherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person,
Who was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat."

A little boy, six years old, and a little girl, eight, were looking at the clouds one beautiful summer evening, watching their fantastic shapes, when the boy exclaimed, "Oh, Minnie, I see a dog in the sky!" "Well, Willie," replied the sister, "it must be a sky terrier."

A fat French lady despairingly says, "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

"If all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

A man in Buffalo pulled off his coat and jumped in the canal to save a woman from drowning, when a pickpocket stole his pocket-book from the coat, and the woman swore at him for pulling her hair in his efforts to save her life. There isn't much inducement in Buffalo for a man to act as a retriever.

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of class examination, "Pray, Mr. E——, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

As set-offs to his own exalted view of his profession, Thackeray used to tell some good stories of the frequent absence of its proper recognition both in and out of society. "Who is that lively fellow?" asked a gentleman of his neighbor, at a public dinner in the north, when Thackeray left the room. "Oh, that is Thackeray, the author." "Indeed," responded the other; "I thought he was a gentleman." Thackeray's first introduction to scholastic Oxford is a better story, and perhaps better known. It will bear repetition. Before he could deliver his lecture on the Georges at Oxford it was necessary to obtain the license of the collegiate authorities. The Duke of Wellington was Chancellor, and knew the author of *Vanity Fair*, but he had a learned deputy whose knowledge of Greek was possibly profound, but whose acquaintance with English classics was only limited. "Pray what can I do to serve you?" asked the bland scholar. "My name is Thackeray." "So I see by this card." "I seek permission to lecture within the precincts." "Ah, you are a lecturer! What subjects do you undertake—religious or political?" "Neither; I am a literary man." "Have you written any thing?" "Yes; I am the author of *Vanity Fair*," said Thackeray, conscious, no doubt, of having done something worthy of remembrance. "I presume a Dissenter," said the Oxford man, quite unsubdued. "Has *Vanity Fair* any thing to do with John Bunyan's work?" "Not exactly," said Thackeray. "I have also written *Pendennis*." "Never heard of these books," said the learned man; "but no doubt they are proper works." "I have also contributed to *Punch*," continued the lecturer. "*Punch!* I have heard of *Punch*," said the scholar. "It is, I fear, a ribald publication of some kind."

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

Mrs. Meredith's drawing-room was not like the twin room next door. It was more ornate, though not nearly so beautiful. The three windows were draped in long misty white curtains, which veiled the light even at its brightest and made a curious artificial semblance of mystery and retirement on this autumn afternoon, when the red sunshine glowed outside. Long looking-glasses here and there reflected these veiled lights. There was a good deal of gilding, and florid furniture, which insisted on being looked at. Cara sat down on an ottoman close to the further window when Mrs. Meredith went to take off her bonnet. She wanted to see the people arrive, and was a little curious about them. There were, for a country-house, a good many visitors at the Hill; but they came irregularly, and sometimes it would happen that for days together not a soul would appear. But Mrs. Meredith had no more doubt of the arrival of her friends than if they had all been invited guests. Cara was still seated alone, looking out, her pretty profile relieved against the white curtain like a delicate little cameo, when the first visitor arrived, who was a lady, and showed some annoyance to find the room already occupied. "I thought I must be the first," she said, giving the familiar salutation of a kiss to Mrs. Meredith as she entered. "Never mind, it is only Cara Beresford," said that lady, and led her friend by the hand to where two chairs were placed at the corner of the fire. Here they sat and talked in low tones with great animation, the "he saids" and "she saids" being almost all that reached Cara's ear, who, as a little excited with the expectation of "company," did not like this odd version of it. By-and-by, however, the lady came across to her and began to talk, and Cara saw that some one else had arrived. The room filled gradually after this, two or three people coming and going, each of them in their turn receiving a few minutes' particular audience. Nothing could be more evident than that it was to see the lady of the house that these people came. There was no tea, which surprised the girl, and though the visitors generally knew each other, there was not much general conversation. Every new-comer directed his or her glance to Mrs. Meredith's corner, and if her previous interlocutor was not disposed of, relapsed into a corner, and talked a little to the next person, whoever that might be. In this way Cara received various points of enlightenment as to this new society. Most of them had just returned to town. They talked of Switzerland, they talked of Scotland; of meeting So-and-so here and there; of this one who was going to be married, and that one who was supposed to be dying; but all this talk was subsidiary to the grand object of the visit, which was the personal interview. Cara, though she was too young to relish her own spectator position, could not help being interested by the way in which her friend received her guests. She had a different aspect for each. The present one, as Cara looked up, after an interval, was a man, with whom Mrs. Meredith was standing in front of the furthest window. She was looking up in his face, with her eyes full of interest, not saying much; listening with her whole mind and power, every fold in her dress, every line of her hair and features, falling in with the sentiment of attention. Instead of talking, she assented with little nods of her head and soft acquiescent or remonstrative movements of her delicate hands, which were lightly clasped together. This was not at all her attitude with the ladies, whom she placed beside her, in one of the low chairs, with little caressing touches and smiles and low-voiced talk. How curious it was to watch them one by one! Cara felt a strong desire too to have something to tell; to go and make her confession or say her say upon some matter interesting enough to call forth that sympathetic, absorbed look—the soft touch upon her shoulder, or half embrace.

It was tolerably late when the visitors went away—half past six, within an hour of dinner. The ladies were the last to go, as they had been the first to come, and Cara, relieved by the departure of the almost-last stranger, drew timidly near the fire, when Mrs. Meredith called her. It was only as she approached—and the girl felt cold sitting so far off and being so secondary, which is a thing that makes every body chilly—that she perceived somebody remaining, a gentleman seated in an easy-chair—an old gentleman (according to Cara; he was not of that opinion himself), who had kept his place calmly for a long time without budging, whosoever went or came.

"Well, you have got through the heavy work," said this patient visitor, "and I hope you have sent them off happier. It has not been your fault, I am sure, if they are not happier; they have each had their audience and their appropriate word."

"You always laugh at me, Mr. Somerville. Why should not I say what I think they will like best to the people who come to see me?"

"Ah, when you put it like that," he said, "certainly, why shouldn't you? But I think some of those good people thought that you gave them beautiful advice and consolation, didn't you? I thought it aimed at that as I looked on."

"You are always so severe. Come, my darling, you are out of sight there. Come and smooth down this mentor of mine by the sight of your young face. This is my neighbor's child, Miss Beresford, from next door."

"Ah, *the* neighbor," said Mr. Somerville, with a slight emphasis, and then he got up somewhat stiffly and made Cara his bow. "Does not he come for his daily bread like the rest?" he said in an under-tone.

"Mr. Beresford is going to dine with me to-night, with Cara, who has just come home," said Mrs. Meredith, with a slight shade of embarrassment on her face.

"Ah, from school," said this disagreeable old man.

It had grown dark, and the lady herself had lighted the candles on the mantel-piece. He was sitting immediately under a little group of lights in a florid branched candlestick, which threw a glow upon his baldness. Cara, unfavorably disposed, thought there was a sneer instead of a smile upon his face, which was partially in shade.

"I have never been to school," said the girl, unreasonably angry at the imputation; and just then some one else came in—another gentleman, with whom Mrs. Meredith, who had advanced to meet him, lingered near the door. Mr. Somerville watched over Cara's head, and certainly his smile had more amusement than benevolence in it.

"Ah!" he said, rousing himself up, "then you miss the delight of feeling free: no girl who has not been at school can understand the delight of not being at school any longer. Where have you been, then, while your father has been away?"

"With my aunts, at Sunninghill," said Cara, unnecessarily communicative, as is the habit of youth.

"Ah, yes, with your aunts. I used to know some of your family. Look at her now," said the critic, more to himself than to Cara—"this is a new phase. This one she is smoothing down."

Cara could not help a furtive glance. The new-comer had said something, she could not hear what, and stood half defiant at the door. Mrs. Meredith's smile spoke volumes. She held out her hand with a deprecating, conciliatory look. They could not hear what she said, but the low tone, the soft aspect, the extended hand, were full of meaning. The old gentleman burst into a broken, hoarse laugh. It was because the new-comer, melting all at once, took the lady's hand and bowed low over it, as if performing an act of homage. Mr. Somerville laughed, but the stranger did not hear.

"This is a great deal too instructive for you," he said. "Come and tell me about your aunts. You think me quite an old man, eh? and I think you quite a little girl."

"I am not so! I am seventeen."

"Well! And I am seven-and-fifty—not old at all—a spruce and spry bachelor, quite ready to make love to any one; but such are the erroneous ideas we entertain of each other. Have you known Mrs. Meredith a long time? or is this your first acquaintance?"

"Oh, a very long time—almost ever since I was born."

"And I have known her nearly twenty years longer than that. Are you very fond of her? Yes, most people are. So is your father, I suppose, like the rest. But now you are the mistress of the house, eh? You should not let your natural-born subjects stray out of your kingdom o' nights."

"I have not any kingdom," said Cara, mournfully. "The house is so sad. I should like to change it if papa would consent."

"That would be very good," said the volunteer counselor, with alacrity. "You could not do any thing better, and I dare say he will do it if you say so. A man has a great deal of tenderness for his wife's only child when he has lost her. You have your own love and the other too."

"Have I?" said the girl, wistfully. Then she remembered that to talk of her private affairs and household circumstances with a stranger was a wonderful dereliction of duty. She made herself quite stiff accordingly in propriety, and changed her tone.

"Is not Oswald at home?" she said. "I thought I should be sure to see him."

"Oswald is at home, but he keeps away at this hour. He overdoes it, I think; but sons like their mothers to themselves. I don't think they like her to have troops of friends. And Oswald, you know, is a man, and would like to be master."

"He has no right to be master!" said Cara, the color rising on her cheeks. "Why should not she have her friends?"

"That is exactly what I tell him; but most likely he will understand you better. He is not my ideal of a young man. So you have no call to be angry with me on account of Oswald."

"I—angry with—you. When I don't know you—when I never saw you before. I beg your pardon," cried Cara, fearing that perhaps this might sound rude; but if it was rude it was true.

"Must you go?" said Mrs. Meredith to her visitor. "Well, I will not delay you, for it is late; but that is all over, is it not? I can not afford to be misunderstood by any one I care for. Would you say 'How d'ye do' to Mr. Somerville, my old friend, whom you see always, and Miss Beresford, my young friend, whom you have never seen before?"

"I have not time, indeed," said the stranger, with a vague bow toward the fire-place; "but I go away happy—it is all over indeed. I shall know better than ever to listen to detractors and mischief-makers again."

"That is right," she said, giving him her hand once more. When he was gone she turned back with a little air of fatigue. "Somebody has persuaded that foolish boy that I thought him a bore. He is not a bore—except now and then; but he is too young," said Mrs. Meredith, shaking her head. "You young people are so exigent, Cara. You want always to be first, and in friendship that, you know, is impossible. All are equal on that ground."

"I am glad you have a lesson now and then," said Mr. Somerville. "You know my opinion on that subject."

"Are you going to dine with us, dear Mr. Somerville?" said Mrs. Meredith, sweetly, looking at her watch. "Do. You know Mr. Beresford is coming, who is very fine company indeed. No? I am so sorry. It would be so much more amusing for him, not to speak of Cara and me."

"I am very sorry I can't amuse you to-night," he said, getting to his feet more briskly than Cara expected. Mrs. Meredith laughed; and there was a certain sound of hostility in the laugh, as though she was glad of the little prick she had bestowed.

"Cara, you must run and dress," she said; "not any toilet to speak of, dear. There will only be your father and Oswald; but you must be quick, for we have been kept very late this evening. I wonder you can resist that young face," she said, as Cara went away. "You are fond of youth, I know."

"I am not fond of affording amusement," he said. He limped slightly as he walked, which was the reason he had allowed Cara to go before him. "Yes, I like youth. Generally it makes few phrases, and it knows what it means."

"Which is just what I dislike."

"Yes, elderly squires naturally do. But next time Beresford comes to dine, and you ask me, if you will give me a little longer notice I will come, for I want to meet him."

"Let it be on Saturday, then," she said; "that is, if he has no engagement. I will let you know."

"As if she did not know what engagements he had," Mr. Somerville said to himself; "as if he ever dreamt of going any where that would interfere with his visits here." He struck his stick sharply against the stairs as he went down. He had no hatred against Mrs. Meredith, but rather that kind of uneasy liking akin to repugnance which made him wish to annoy her. He felt sure she was made angry by the sound of his stick on the stairs. Her household went upon velvet, and made no noise, for though she was not fanciful she had nerves, and was made to start and jump by any sudden noise.

Cara heard him go with his stick along the Square as nurse, who was her maid, closed the windows of her room. The sound got less distinct after this, but still she could hear it gradually disappearing. What a disagreeable old man he was, though he said he did not think himself old! At seven-and-fifty? Cara thought seven-and-twenty oldish, and seven-and-thirty the age of a grandfather, and yet he did not think himself old! So strange are the delusions which impartial people have to encounter in this world! Nurse interrupted her thoughts by a question about her dress. One of her very prettiest evening dresses lay opened out upon her bed.

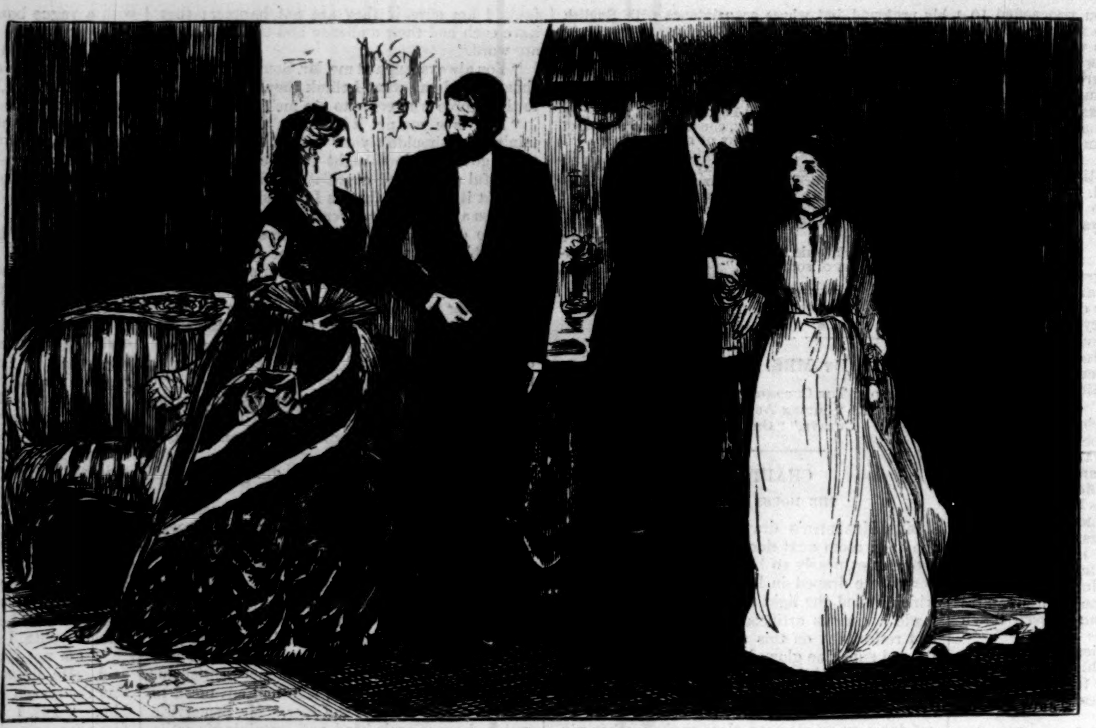
"That is too good," said Cara; "we are to be quite alone."

"You haven't seen Mr. Oswald, have you, Miss Cara dear? He has grown up that handsome you would not know him. He was always a fine boy; but now—I don't know as I've ever seen a nicer-looking young man."

"I will have my plain white frock, please, nurse—the one I wore last night," said Cara, absolutely unaware of any connection that could exist between Oswald Meredith's good looks and her second-best evening dress—a dress that might do for a small dance, as Aunt Cherry had impressed upon her. It never occurred to the girl that her own simple beauty could be heightened by this frock or that. Vanity comes on early or late, according to the character; but, except under very favorable (or unfavorable) circumstances, seldom develops in early youth. Cara had not even begun to think whether she herself was pretty or not, and she would have scorned with hot shame and contempt the idea of dressing for effect. People only think of dress when they have lost the unconsciousness of youth. She did not understand enough of the A B C of that sentiment to put any meaning to what nurse said, and insisted upon her plain muslin gown, laughing at the earnestness of the attendant. "It is too fine," she said. "Indeed, I am not obstinate: it would be a great deal too fine." Her father was waiting for her in the hall when the simple toilet was completed, and Mrs. Meredith had not yet made her appearance when the two went into the drawing-room next door. Mr. Beresford sat down with his eyes turned toward the door. "She is almost always late," he said, with a smile. He was a different man here—indulgent, gentle, fatherly. Mrs. Meredith came in immediately after, with pretty lace about her shoulders and on her head. "Oswald is late, as usual," she said, putting her hand into Mr. Beresford's. He looked at her, smiling, with a satisfied friendly look, as if his eyes loved to dwell upon her. He smiled at Oswald's lateness; did not look cross, as men do when they are waiting for their dinner. "Cara is punctual, you see," he said, with a smile.

"Cara is a dear child," said Mrs. Meredith. "She has been with me all day. How odd that you should be made complete by a daughter and I by a son, such old friends as we are! Ah! here is Oswald. Would you have known him, Cara? Oswald, this is—"

"There is no need to tell me who it is," said Oswald. Cara saw, when she looked at him, that what the others had said was true. It did not



"'WE MUST GO TO DINNER AT ONCE,' HE SAID."

move her particularly, but still she could see that he was very handsome, as every body said. He took her hand, which she held out timidly, and, without any ceremony, drew it within his arm. "We must go to dinner at once," he said, "or Sims will put poison in the soup. He longs to poison me, I know, in my soup, because I am always late; but I hope he will let me off for your sake, Cara. And so really you are little Cara? I did not believe it, but I see it is true now."

"Why did you not believe it? I think I should have known you," said Cara, "if I had met you any where. It is quite true, but you are just like Oswald all the same."

"What is quite true?" Oswald was a great deal more vain than Cara was, being older and having had more time to see the effect of his good looks. He laughed and did not push his question any further. It was a pleasant beginning. He had his mother's sympathetic grace of manner, and Cara felt at once, liked her, understood her, and all her difficulties at a glance. How far this was true may be an open question, but she was convinced of it, which for the moment was enough.

"We did not come down stairs so ceremoniously last time we met," he said. "When you came for the nursery tea, with nurse behind you, I think Edward held the chief place in your affections then. He was nearer your age; but, thank Heaven, that fellow is out of the way, and I have a little time to make the running before he comes back!"

Cara did not know what it meant to "make the running," and was puzzled. She was not acquainted with any slang but that which had crept into books, but an expression of pleasure in Edward's absence appalled her. "I remember him best," she said, "because he was more near my age; but you were both big boys—too big to care for a little thing like me. I remember seeing you come in with a latch-key one afternoon and open the door—ah!" said Cara, with a little cry. It had been on the afternoon of her mother's death, when she had been placed at the window to look for her father's coming, and had seen the two big boys in the afternoon light, and watched them with an interest which quite distracted her attention for the moment, fitting the key into the door.

"What is it?" he said, looking at her very kindly. "You have not been here for a long time. Yes, it must bring back so many things. Look, Cara, Sims is gracious; he will not poison me this time. He has not even frowned at me, and it is all because of you."

"I like Sims," said Cara, her heart rising, she could not tell why. "I like every body I used to know."

"So do I—because you do; otherwise I am not so fond of my fellow-creatures; some of them plague one's life out. What are you going to do when you get used to the excitement of seeing us all again? You will find yourself very badly off for something to do."

"Do you?" said Cara, innocently.

"My mother does for me. She thinks me very idle. So I am, I suppose. What is the good of muddling what little brains one has in work? One in a family who does that is enough. Edward is that excellent person. He goes in for Greek so that my head aches, and why he should, being intended for the Civil Service, I don't know."

"Won't it do him any good?" said Cara, with regret. She was practical, and did not like to hear of this waste of labor. "Is Edward—changed—like you?" she added, softly, after a pause. He looked at her with laughing bright eyes, all softened and liquid with pleasure. He knew what she meant, and that his handsome face was having its natural effect upon Cara; though, being much older than Cara, he could not have believed how little that effect was.

"I think he is very like what he always was," he said; "he is such a good fellow, Cara. If any one asks you which is the best of the Merediths, say Edward. You may be sure you are right. Listen what the elders are saying; they are talking about you and me."

"Why about you and me?" Cara was always slightly alarmed to hear that she was being talked of. It roused the latent suspicion in her which had been started into being at her mother's death. She stopped talking, and looked at the other two. His mother was opposite to him, and her father was opposite to her. What an odd arrangement it seemed when you came to think of it! If papa had got one of the boys, and she, Cara, had fallen to the lot of Mrs. Meredith—would that have been better? She looked at Oswald's mother and wondered; then bethought herself of the Hill and blushed. No, such an idea was nothing but treachery to the Hill, where it was Cara, and no other, who was the chosen child.

"She has grown into a little lily," said Mrs. Meredith. "She is shy, but open and winning, and I like girls to be shy like that. I do not wonder that you are proud of her."

"Am I proud of her? I am not sure. She is nice-looking, I think."

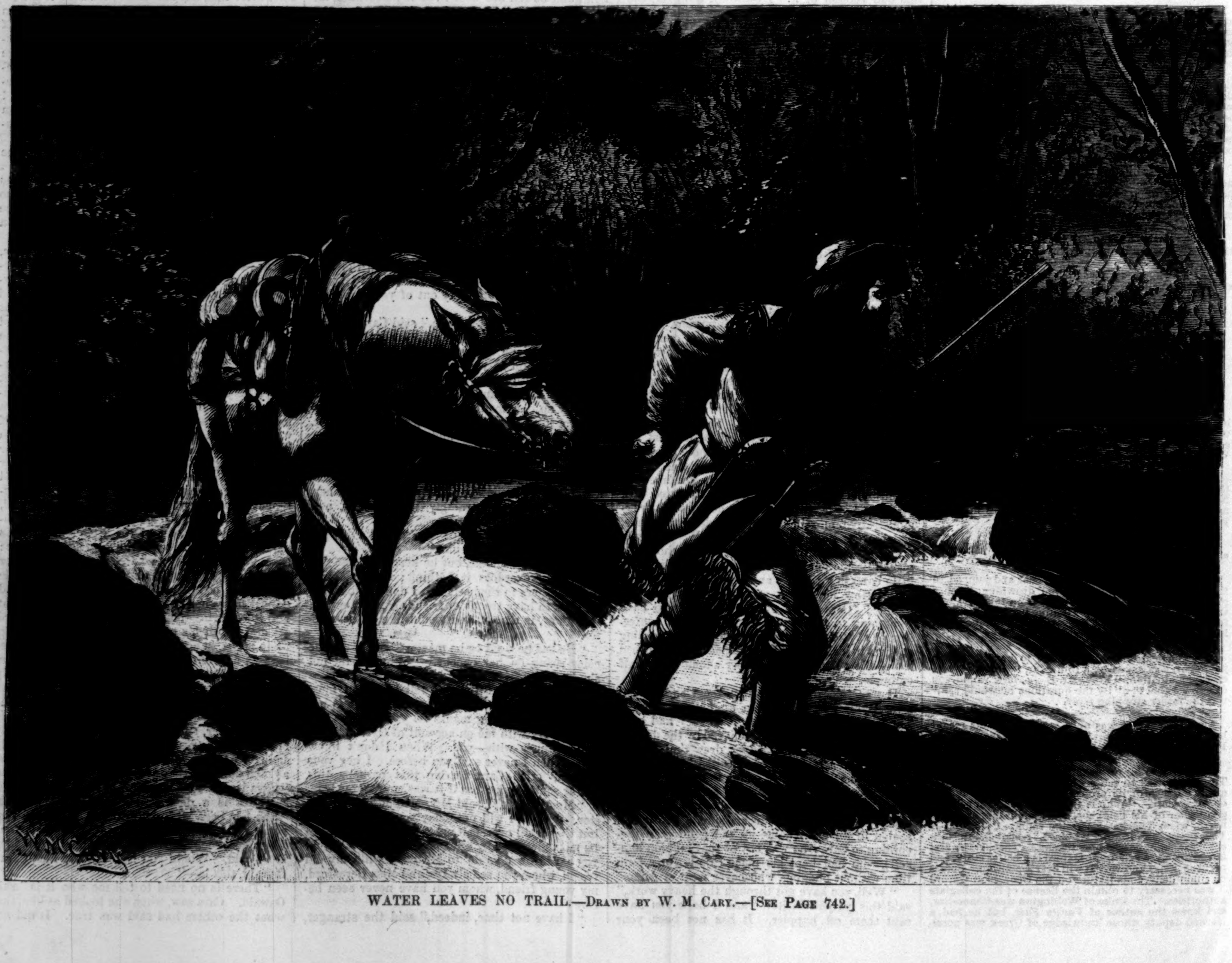
"Nice-looking! She has grown into a little lily. It is wonderful how she blends two likenesses. I see you both. Ah! have I said too much? A happy child so often does that—like both sides—you will forgive me if I say any thing that hurts—"

"You could not say any thing that hurts," he said, in a low voice; "it would not hurt coming from you."

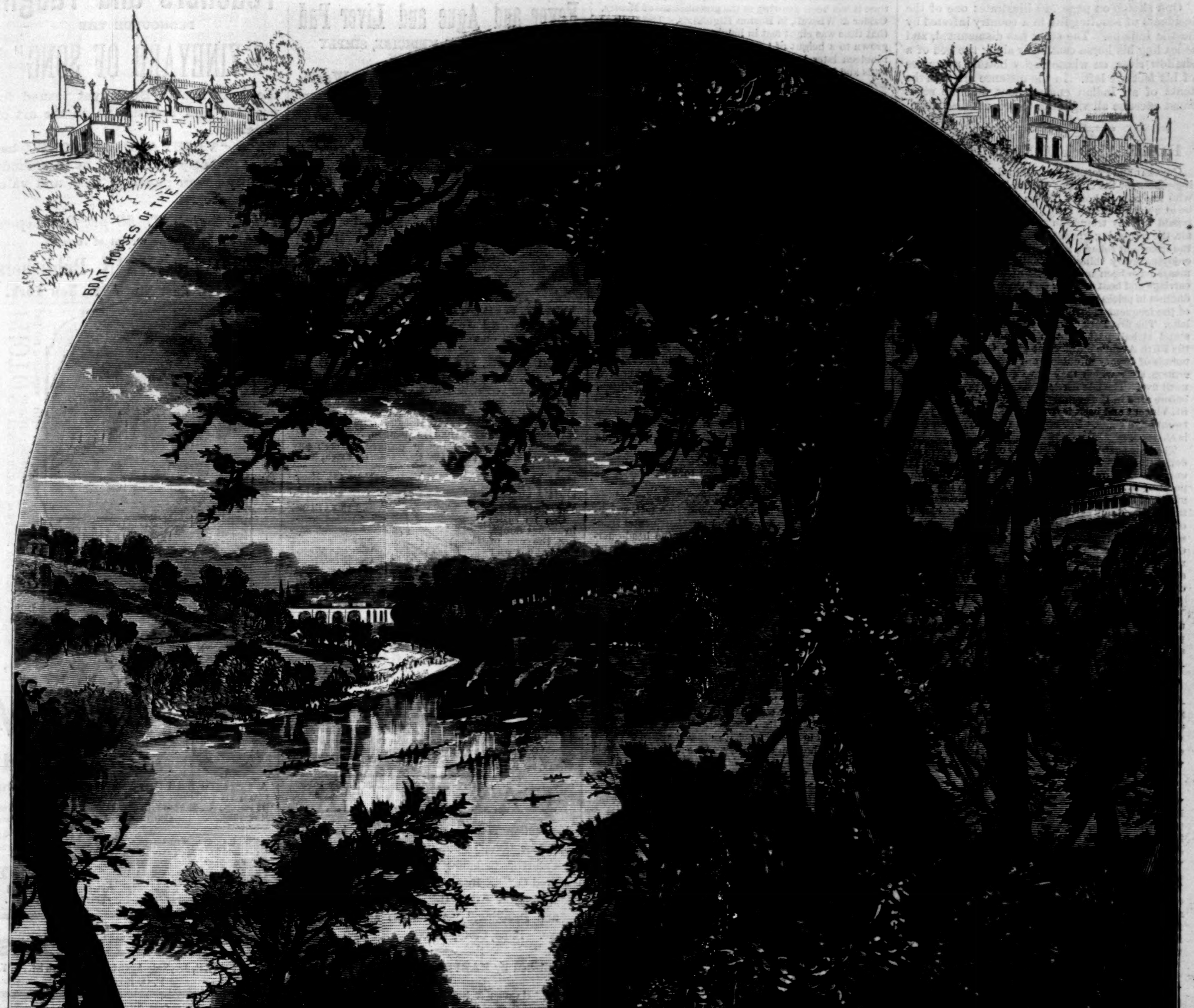
"Well, perhaps it ought not," she said, with a smile, "because it is said in true friendship. I noticed that at once in Cara—sometimes one and sometimes the other—like both. That is not the case with my boys. I shall not have Edward till Christmas. You know it has always been my happy time when the boys were here."

"Is Oswald doing any thing?" A close observer would have seen that Mr. Beresford was not fond of Oswald. He was not nearly so well disposed to him as Mrs. Meredith was to Cara. Perhaps it was purely on moral grounds and justifiable; perhaps the young man and his senior came in each other's way more than the girl and the matron did. This abrupt question rather put a stop to poor Mrs. Meredith. She blushed a little and faltered as she replied.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



WATER LEAVES NO TRAIL.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 742.]


BOAT HOUSES OF THE
SCHUYLKILL NAVY

THE CENTENNIAL—THE REGATTA COURSE ON THE SCHUYLKILL, FAIRMOUNT PARK.—Drawn by Frederick B. Schell.—[See Page 732.]

WATER LEAVES NO TRAIL.

OUR sketch on page 740 illustrates one of the incidents of scouting life in a country infested by hostile Indians. The scout has dismounted, and is leading his horse cautiously along the bed of a shallow river, on whose rocky bottom no traces of his feet are left. In the distance are seen the tents of an Indian encampment, and the scout must exercise all vigilance to prevent discovery.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CENTRAL and Prospect parks afford delightful breathing-places for the citizens of New York and Brooklyn who are now at home. These pleasure-grounds may be at quite a distance from you, but you will be richly repaid for any trouble in reaching them by the pure air, the refreshing green lawns, the rich-hued flowers, the luxuriant foliage, and the sight of so many people enjoying every thing. Recently some new arrangements have been made in regard to the Central Park carriage and boat service; and there has been such reduction in prices that scarcely any one need be deprived of the frequent enjoyment of both the drive and the lake. The first Park carriage leaves the Eighth Avenue stand at half past eight in the morning; one leaves the Fifth Avenue entrance at nine. Others start at intervals of twenty minutes, until two o'clock in the afternoon, after which they leave every fifteen minutes, until five. The last carriage starts at twenty minutes before nine in the evening. The round trip to Mount St. Vincent and back is over five miles, and the fare is twenty-five cents. For any less distance fifteen cents is charged.

The new boat-house, when fully completed, will be a delightful addition to the pleasures of the Park, not only affording a needed shelter, but giving a charming point of observation from which to watch the movements of the boats or the ever-changing panorama on the drive. Boats carrying a red flag make the circuit of the lake, nearly two miles. The fare for each passenger is ten cents. Children under twelve, half price. Call boats, carrying blue flags, may be engaged for the use of one person or a party. The charge for one person making the circuit of the lake is thirty cents. For each additional person, ten cents. Children, half price.

The great Wagner festival at Baireuth closed with a grand banquet, at which five hundred guests were present. There were speeches and congratulations, and Wagner was crowned with silver laurel leaves. Altogether the festival was a success.

The revised edition of the official catalogue of the Art Department at the Centennial has at length been given to the public. Its completeness and systematic arrangement will be appreciated, especially by those who have been annoyed by the incorrectness of the old edition. It would seem as if there had been unwarrantable delay in the issuing of this new edition.

In 1816 occurred "the year without a summer," as it was called. Frost came in every month. Ice formed half an inch thick in May; snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York and also in Massachusetts, in June; ice was formed, of the thickness of common window glass, throughout New England, New York, and some parts of Pennsylvania on the 5th of July; Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut down and dried for fodder in August, and farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815 for the seed of the spring of 1817. Recollections or reports of such a year as 1816 should reconcile people to considerable hot weather.

Somebody recommends that before using the Croton water it be boiled with lump charcoal for about ten minutes, when it can be made into tea, or cooled and iced.

Early in August of the Centennial year, George Fruits, aged 114 years, died at his home, near Crawfordsville, Indiana. When Mr. Fruits was in his prime he was full six feet three inches in height, and weighed 230 pounds. He was straight, athletic, and possessed remarkable strength. He lived a temperate life; his food had ever been plain and wholesome; he was never sick in his life. His eyesight was good, but he heard with great difficulty. He had been bald for many years, but within the last two years a fine growth of new hair had appeared, and a new set of teeth was coming through the gums at the time of his death. His wife, to whom he was married seventy years ago, survives him. She is eighty-nine years old. They have had thirteen children, eleven of whom are still living.

Somebody who announces himself as engaged in the pawnbroker's business propounds the following conundrum:

"The plot of George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda* turns on this incident: Deronda sees Gwendolen enter a pawnbroker's shop, where she leaves her necklace. Deronda then furtively redeems the pledged necklace, and sends it to her. Will somebody tell me how Deronda could have redeemed the necklace without the pawn ticket, which, unless pawnbrokers abroad differ in practice from our own, could only have been obtained from Gwendolen herself?"

In answer to inquiries, Miss Jane Stuart, daughter of the artist, states that the portrait of Washington now in Faneuil Hall, Boston, was, without any doubt, painted by her father, and presented to the town of Boston by Samuel Parkman, and that it was copied from the original head now in the Athenæum.

There was a slight frost in various sections of the New England and Middle States on the morning of August 21.

Lord Macaulay, one of the most brilliant and forcible of English essayists, considered it "the first rule of all writing—that rule to which every other is subordinate—that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers."

The century plant which has been on exhibition in the Old South Church in Boston was certainly a curiosity; but during the last weeks of the exhibition it was any thing but a beautiful object. The leaves had fallen, excepting a few shriveled ones remaining at the root of the plant, and the long bare branches looked dismally gaunt. At the summit were something like fifteen or twenty bunches of faded blossoms, but of what form or color they might have been it was impossible to tell. This plant was formerly growing on an old plantation at one time belonging to the late Hon. John C. Calhoun, on the St. Johns River, Florida, about 125 miles above Jacksonville. It was brought North on the deck of a steamer in April last, since which time it has been growing at the greenhouses of Messrs. Calder & Wiswall, in Boston Highlands. The stalk at that time was eight feet in height. Since May 1 it has grown to a height of twenty feet, and has thrown out nineteen lateral arms or branches, and produced 1000 buds and blossoms. As the flower-stalk grew and the flowers expanded, the plant became exhausted, and the leaves drooped and rapidly withered.

The Prince of Wales has done a good thing in using his influence to have the London police provided with a new kind of helmet. The old helmet was lined with tin to protect the scalp, but the new helmet is lined with cork, and is lighter to wear and vastly superior as a shield against heavy blows.

George Sand has left behind her five plays, all taken from her novels.

Carrier-pigeons have been put to an ingenious use by a physician on the Isle of Wight. After visiting his patients in each village, the doctor writes out his prescriptions, affixes one to the leg of a pigeon, and sends the bird home. Thus the prescriptions are made up at once, and the medicines are dispatched speedily to those living at a distance.

Reports from different precincts were recently made concerning dangerous telegraph poles and trees in this city. It was shown that there are about five hundred telegraph poles which are in a dangerous condition, and about one thousand seven hundred and sixty decayed trees, on the sidewalks of the city. Many of the telegraph poles are not in use. Only a short time ago a woman in the city was killed by the falling of an old telegraph pole.

It is said that there are 100,000 tons of unsold ice stored on the Kennebec River.

One day, not long ago, an immense iron raft, weighing thirty tons, was towed from the Continental Iron-Works of this city to Willett's Point, the head-quarters of the United States Engineer Battalion, and anchored a few hundred yards from the shore. It was held in position by sixteen 1000-pound anchors, firmly secured by strong chains. Thirty feet below the raft was placed 200 pounds of dynamite, to which mass of explosive substance was attached a wire connecting at the shore with a galvanic battery. All arrangements having been made, and many officers and other spectators being present to witness the result, General Henry L. Abbott, commandant of the post, touched the key of the battery wire. A dull report was instantly heard, and the raft trembled and then was lost sight of for a moment in a huge water-spout shooting high into the air. As the water subsided, the iron monster settled itself quietly down into position, where it remained for thirty-eight minutes, when it suddenly keeled over and sank to the bottom of the bay. The raft will be raised, repaired, and subjected again to experiments. These experiments are made by General Abbott to ascertain the force necessary to destroy large iron-clads, and important results will doubtless be obtained.

HOW MANY PERSONS,

Particularly those of sedentary habits, are constantly suffering from the effects of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which they allow to go on unchecked until they are prostrated by a fatal attack of bilious or typhoid fever. To all desiring a speedy cure for Indigestion and Biliousness we can recommend that sovereign remedy, SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS. A trial will demonstrate the excellent remedial qualities of this great medicine. Sold by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes the growth of hair.—[*Com.*]

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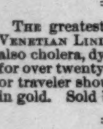

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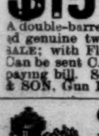

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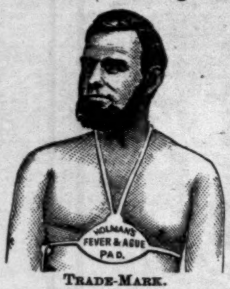

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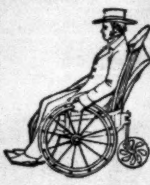

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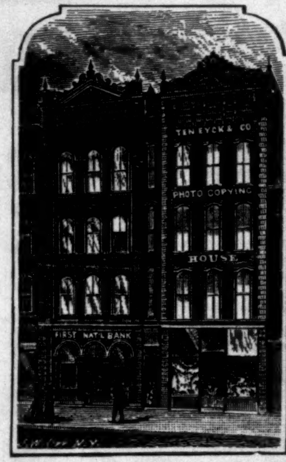

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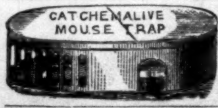

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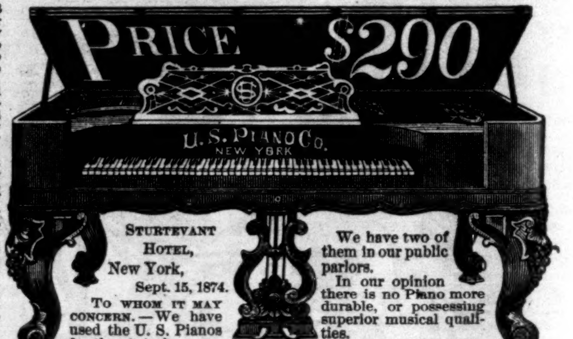

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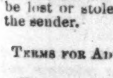

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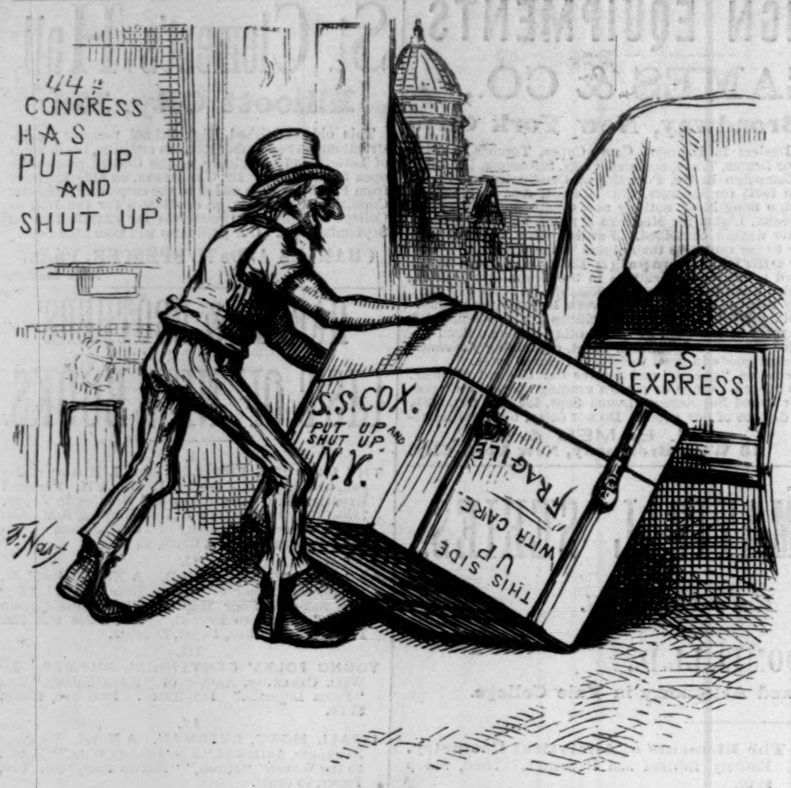

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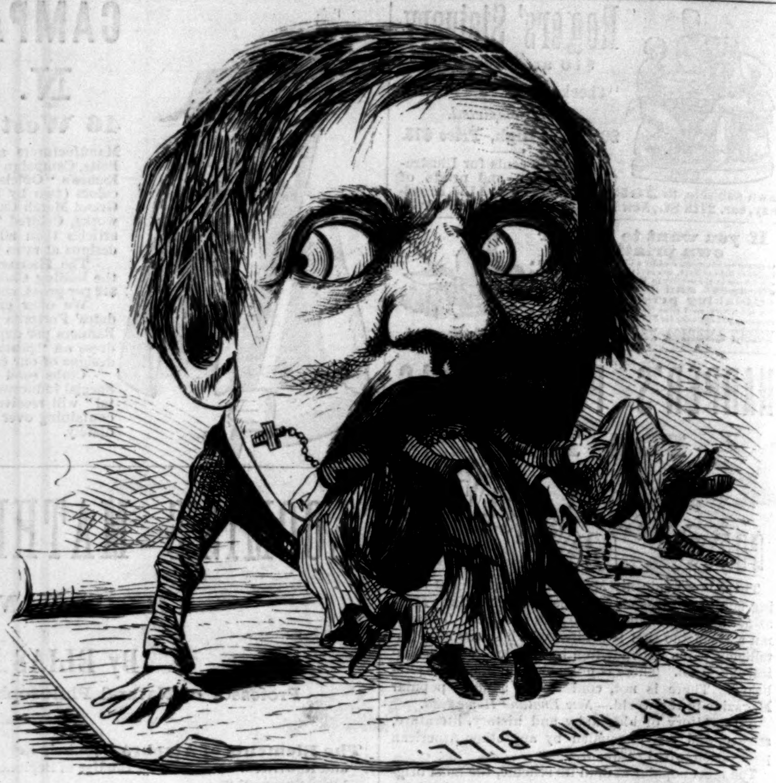
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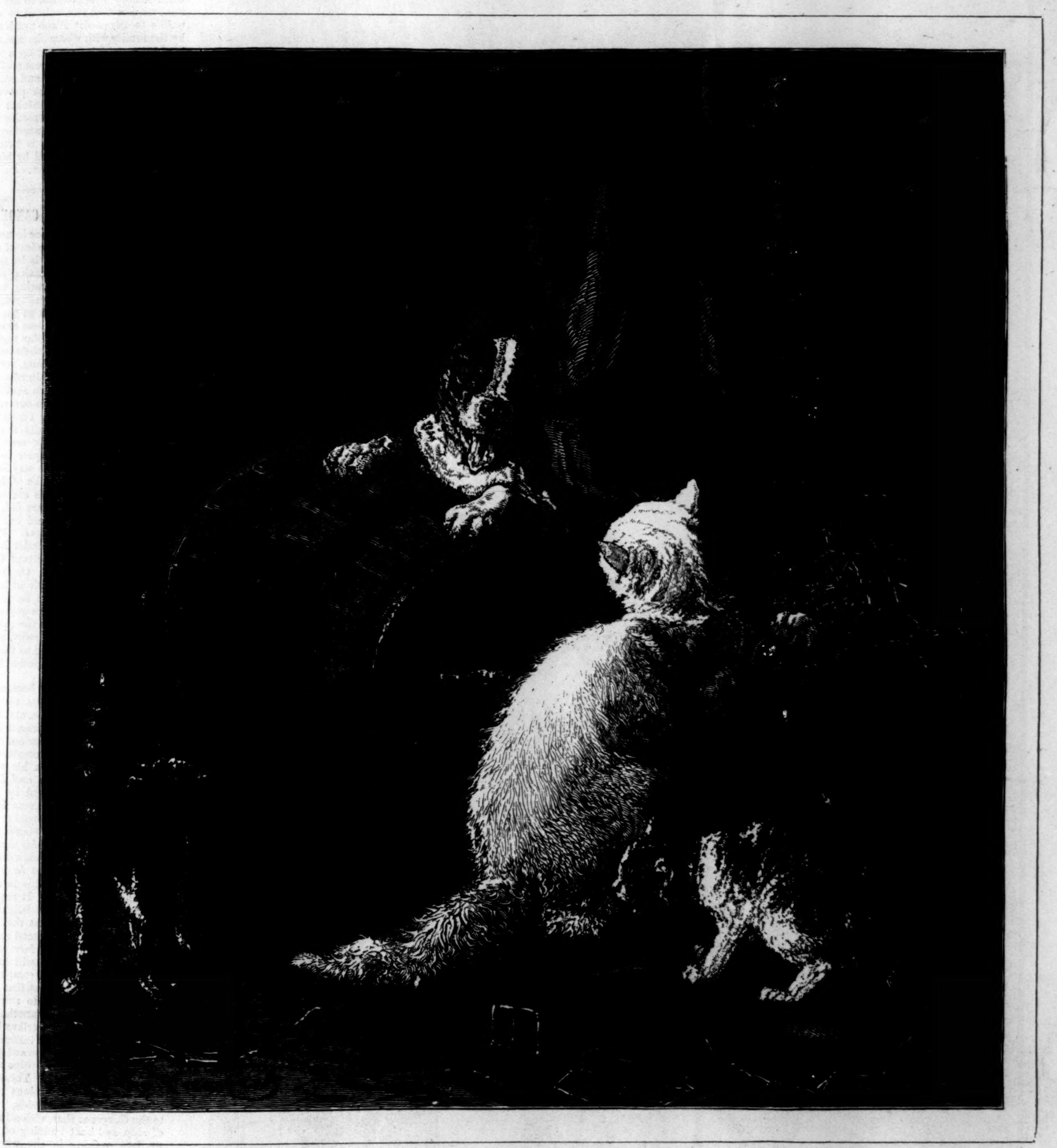
"THE ENEMY."

It would be an utterly futile task for either student or philosopher to attempt to trace the origin of the enmity that exists between pussy and the dogs. Whether its source lies in an ancient quarrel, or has no deeper root than the lady-like antipathy between the dainty animal and her coarser relative—for, like all the *digitigrada*, or toe-walking animals, they are remote connections of the same family—the feud, like that between the Montagues and Capulets, is bitter, irreconcilable, and likely to break into open hostilities upon the slightest occasion. Watch pussy as she lies on the soft cushions of an arm-chair, snowy white, as smooth as velvet, with closed eyes and gracefully disposed limbs. She might be the very picture of peace and purity and innocence. Yet see her as one of the hated canine species appears. How she arches her back until every hair stands on end! how her eyes flash fire! how her tail beats wildly in the air in swift snake-like windings, and her sharp-pointed talons come forth from their downy sheaths, while she hisses with rage, and defies the enemy she loathes with such an intensity of hatred! The above engraving gives us a view of pussy surprised by her adversary while in the peaceful enjoyment of domestic bliss. Ensconced behind a protecting bucket, she has gathered her little ones round her, and fancies herself secure, when suddenly the appearance of a shaggy head just above her puts to flight all idea of a quiet hour in the bosom of her family, and warns her to prepare for war.



"THE ENEMY."—[FROM A PAINTING BY L. E. LAMBERT.]

Naturalists tell us that the native home of pussy is by no means well ascertained; yet the certainty that cats existed as domestic animals in ancient Egypt makes it not improbable that they were originally found upon the banks of the Nile, or in some adjacent country from which the Egyptians might readily have obtained them. That they were also well known in Greece and Rome is shown by the easy air with which PLINY speaks of them as "quite useful in keeping well-filled barns free from mice." But nowhere are they mentioned in Holy Writ. Of their scarcity in ancient Britain curious evidence is afforded by an old Welsh law, which fixes the prices of cats according to their age and qualities. Beginning with the price of a kitten before it can see, the scale rises to a certain height, and then is lowered according as the animals become too venerable to be of service. It further enacts that "if any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail."

In China, also, pussy has long been honored, not only as an exterminator of rats and mice, but as an article of food and as a time-piece. The latter statement seems a curious one; but the French missionary HUC, who, with his companion CABET, first gave us an intelligent account of life in the Flowery Kingdom, assures us that the Chinese claim that their cats are as valuable as watches, enabling them to tell the hour of the day with unerring accuracy. On further observation he declares that he discovered this to be really true. The pupil of the eye in every cat, though wide open in the early morning, contracts gradually as the sun rises. At noon a perpendicular line only can be seen, and then the pupil begins to dilate again, returning to its natural size by sunset. And when poor pussy has served her time as a dial, she is served up herself—not in disguise, as at a French restaurant, but boldly and boastingly. In many a lowly house in town, and in almost every farm-house in the country, a number of cats are seen fastened to chains for the purpose of fattening them. In the market-houses they hang in long rows, exhibiting their snowy whiteness, and with heads and tails carefully left untouched, in order to satisfy the purchaser that they are genuine.

Cats have had their place all through the history of Europe, though on many occasions their introduction serves only to demonstrate the cruelty and meanness of men. Thus we are told by grave historians that PHILIP II. of Spain only laughed heartily once in his life. It was in the year 1549, when he made his solemn entry into Brussels. Among other ingenious contrivances to amuse him, he was met by a wagon, on which a bear stood before what seemed to be a large organ. In reality it was a box containing twenty cats, whose tails were tied up to meet the keys of the instrument. When the bear was stirred he would strike the keys; the keys would pull the tails, when the poor cats would cry piteously; meanwhile a band of monkeys danced wildly to this miserable music. The king, however, appears to have been pleased by the exhibition, for history hath it on record, "For the first time in his life, PHILIP of Spain laughed heartily."

Our own country has only known pussy since, with many other good things, she was brought over in the *Mayflower*. In later days California has imported whole cargoes of cats for the protection of her grain and fruit against the overwhelming hordes of mice. They had not yet learned to imitate the Japanese, who from time immemorial have manufactured china cats, with open eyes, so faithfully copied from nature that one of them with a rush-light inside will protect a house all night from such marauders.

There are divided opinions in regard to pussy's attractions as a household pet. To many she is irresistibly fascinating, with the velvety coat and dainty manner, while to others she is as utterly abhorrent as though she were indeed the emissary of Satan, whose image, according to the people of Flanders, she bears. This superstition is commonly traced to the preaching of St. DOMINIC, who was invariably accustomed to present the Evil One to his hearers as appearing in the form of a cat.

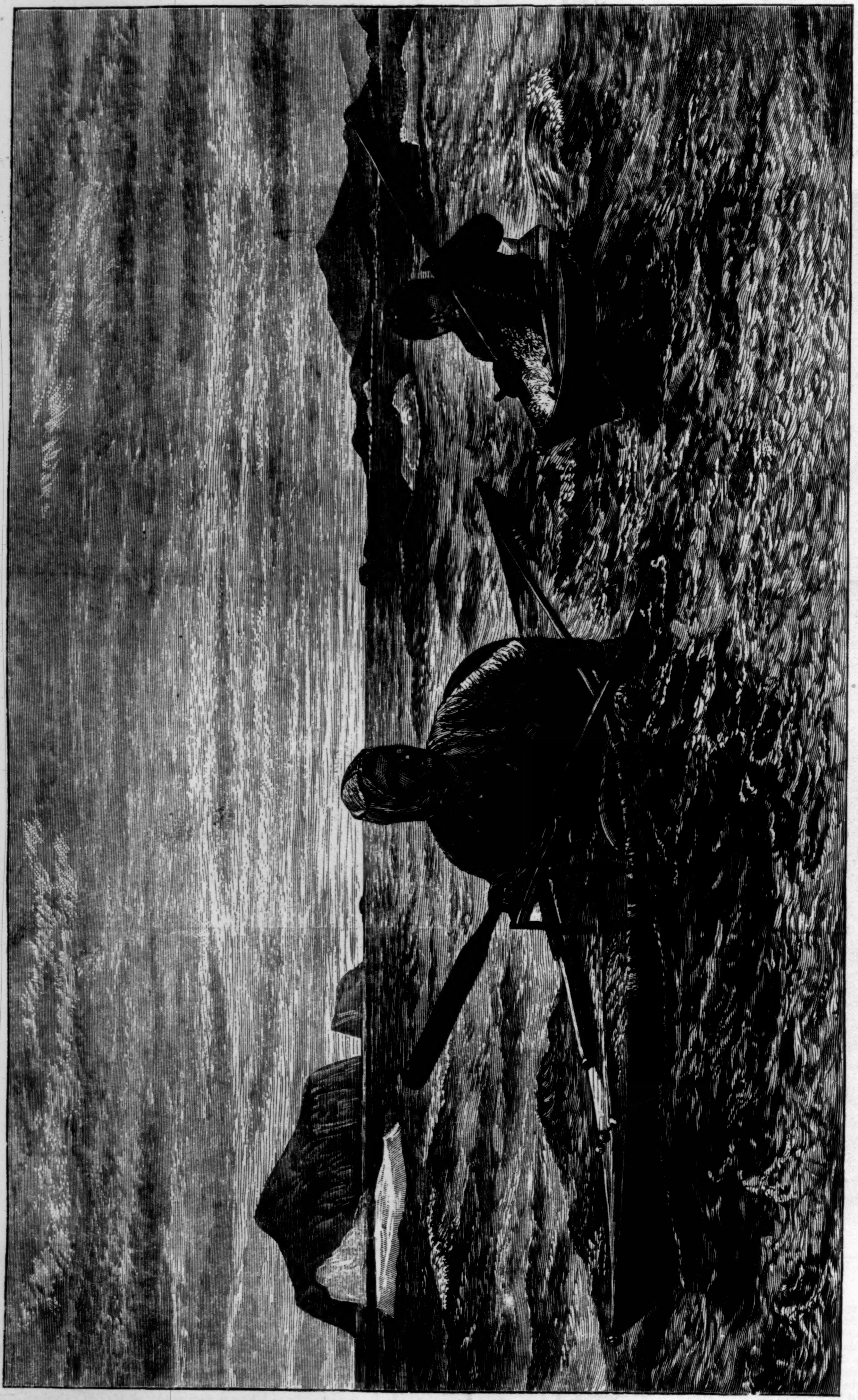
As a compensation for such an undeserved slander, pussy has been successful in winning the affections of some of the greatest ones of the earth. All lovers of poetry are familiar with TASSO's charming sonnet to his cat, one of the brightest among his smaller gems; and PETRARCH, it has been asserted, loved his cat only less than he did his LAURA, so that what he could not do for her he accomplished for his four-footed favorite, namely, had her remains embalmed, and kept them with him all his life. Cardinal WOLSEY never sat on his almost regal throne when he officiated as Chancellor without having one or two of his favorite cats by his side; and RICHELIEU's grim humor required the constant presence of a number of kittens, whose merry gambols alone could elicit a smile and soothe his irritable temper. CHÂTEAUBRIAND was so passionately fond of cats that the Pope, to whom he went as embassador, could not find a more suitable and acceptable present for the devout son of the Church than his predecessor's favorite cat; and when the great author was growing old, he fancied he was also growing like his pets, from his great fondness and close intimacy with them.

Nor have other authors disdained to sing the praises of pussy. **Canning** and **Gray** and **Cowper** have left their tribute to their beloved feline friends; **Hoffman** introduced them into all his quaint and fantastic tales; **Edgar Poe** bore cheerful witness to their grace and strange attractions; and **Victor Hugo** is rarely represented without his magnificent Angora. Books on cats abound in almost every language, and they are a never-failing inspiration to artists, whom they delight by their graceful movements and soft outlines.

And pussy's habits and inclinations all adapt her to the life of lazy luxury enjoyed by a pet. Her tastes are fastidious, and far above the vulgar fancies of dogs and other coarse creatures. She loves sweet odors and perfumes; she seeks the sofa where the patchouli of a visitor still lingers, and loves to rub her nose upon a scented handkerchief. Neither satin nor velvet is too good for her to lie upon, and she soon learns to discriminate between dainties and common food. She is also naturally of a proud disposition, refusing to associate with strangers, repelling familiarity, and showing a chilling haughtiness to persons who have placed her under an obligation. Yet she is not so utterly wanting in affection as has been charged against her. Frequently a power of distinguishing between friends and enemies is shown by cats that dogs are altogether without. The latter will respond to any momentary caprice of affection, while pussy only bestows her grateful notice upon those who have been faithfully and systematically kind to her. Otherwise her modes of expression are like those of her enemy: she licks the hand of her benefactor, rubbing herself meanwhile against his feet or garments; only, for the noisy and irritating bark, she substitutes a musical pur.

Yet, even at her best, puss's attachments are more for places than for people. Seated in the midst of the family circle, smiled upon by the elders and petted by the children, she looks the very image of domestic peace and happiness; but should the family depart from around her, she will unhesitatingly live on amidst the old surroundings, and take the loss of her human companions with philosophy, not to say indifference. The vicissitudes of life make but little impression upon her. She will pass the day lying in the lap of some fine lady, warmed and fed and in full enjoyment of all that is luxurious, while, in sharp contrast, she passes the night upon a cold roof serenading the stars, or engaged in an amorous conflict, from which she comes forth wounded and bleeding.

Notwithstanding her preference for ease and comfort, puss will never yield her independence in order to enjoy these benefits. Unlike the dog, she acknowledges no master. Her position in the household must be that of a guest; she will accept food and shelter, making no pretense of returning an equivalent; she will not obey in opposition to her inclination, neither will she submit to caresses unless so disposed. If too much annoyed by the family with whom she resides, puss is quite capable of setting up a separate establishment on the nearest roof. Here she will spend her days, and rear a numerous family, which she provides for without assistance from butcher or milkman, simply by her own exertions among unprotected ash-barrels, arguing that a peaceful dinner of herbs is better than broiled game accompanied by blows and maledictions from the cook.



"THE FIRST LESSON IN CANOEING."—[From a Danish Painting.]

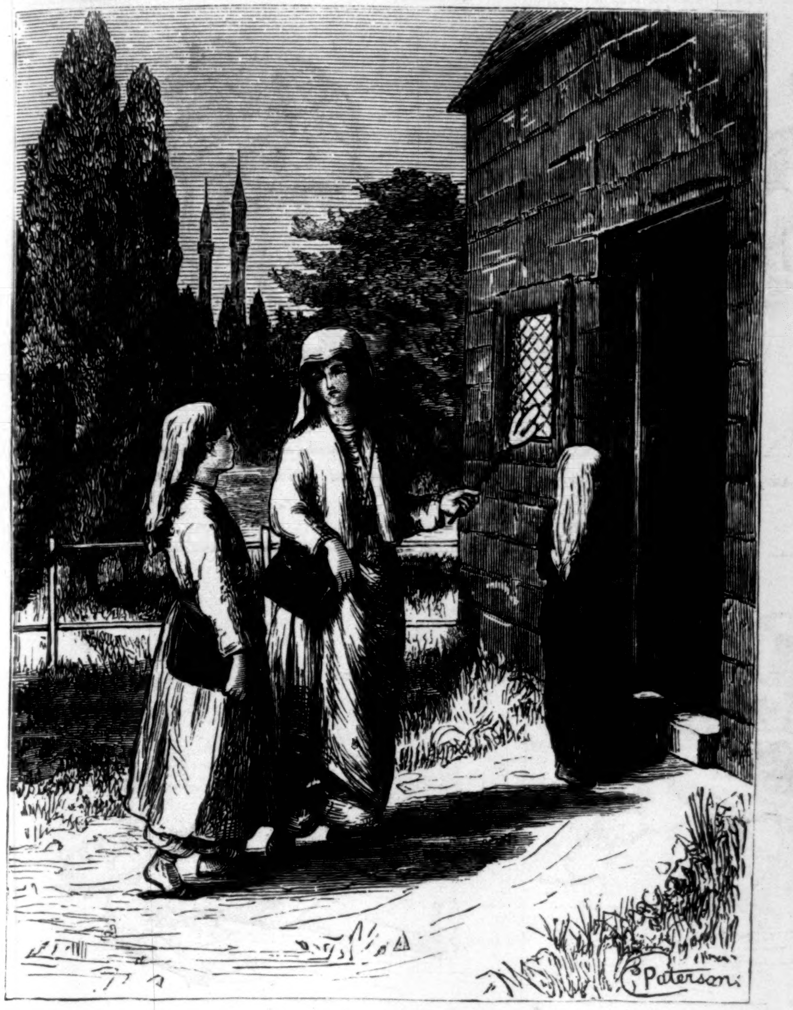
"FIRST LESSON IN CANOEING."

The kyack or small canoe in use among the Greenlanders is a species of craft the management of which it is by no means easy to learn. Our engraving shows an adept in the art endeavoring to impart his knowledge to a youthful tyro, who will only accomplish the task at the expense of many a ducking. These uneasy little vessels, peculiar to the polar regions, and apparently ill adapted to their rough seas, are about eighteen feet long, very narrow and low, and have their thin ribs or framework simply covered with seal's leather. In the middle of this skin-covered boat is a circular opening large enough for the body of a man. Here sits the paddler. He must keep his legs stretched out straight before him in order to preserve his balance, and work his way forward by means of the double stroke of the paddle.

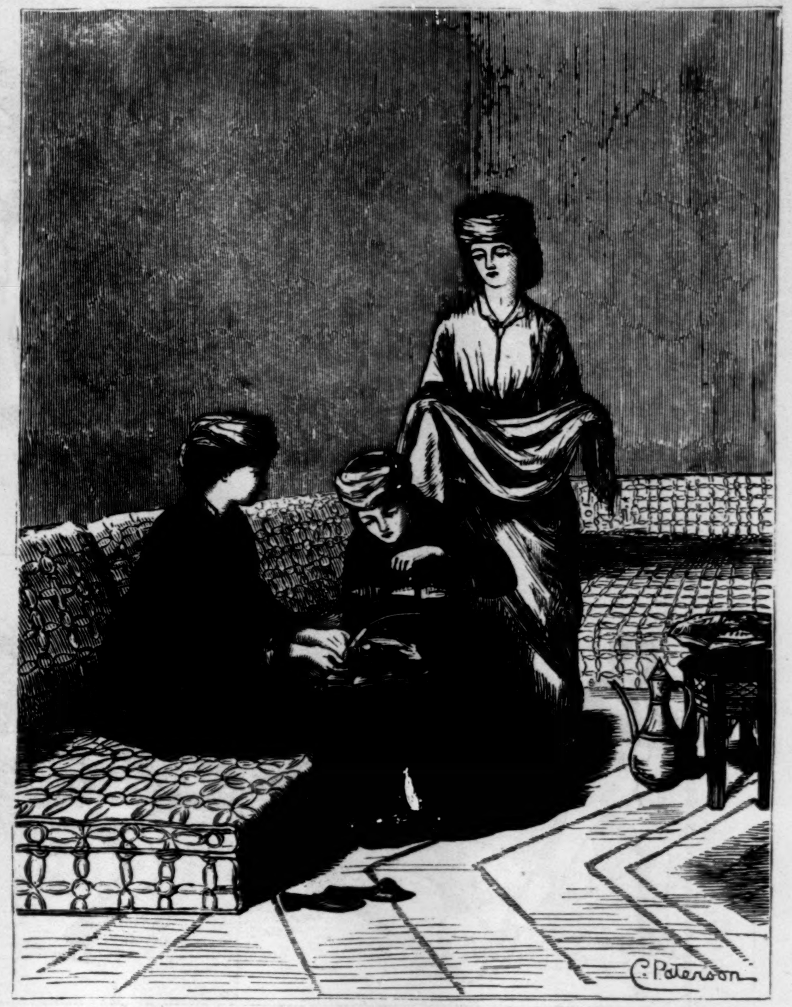
The canoe is the men's exclusive vehicle. Boys of twelve years old, however, frequently own them, and exhibit great skill in their management. Frequently the canoe of the Greenlander is his chief possession, and as important to him as the rifle to our hunter. On its deck he spreads the most valuable of his worldly goods. In front of him lie his hunting tackle, bird and seal harpoons, lances and slings, while behind him the canoe bears, besides provisions and booty, an inflated seal-skin, which, attached to the harpoon, prevents the seal just captured from sinking.

On occasion the canoe becomes a pleasure-boat; the implements necessary for hunting are left at home, and the owner of the vessel disports himself in the water, performing many curious feats that seem impossible to a creature not amphibious by nature. In his volume entitled *Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux*, published by **Harper & Brothers**, **Charles Francis Hall** says: "About this time I enjoyed a rare sight. One of the Esquimaux *turned somersaults in the water, seated in his kyack.* Over and over he and his kyack went, till we cried 'Enough!' and yet *he wet only his hands and his face.* This is a feat performed only by a few. It requires great skill and strength to do it. One miss in the stroke of the oar as they pass from the centre (when their head and body are under water) to the surface might terminate fatally. No one will attempt this feat, however, unless a companion in his kyack is near. The next feat I witnessed was for an Esquimau to run his kyack, while seated in it, over another. Getting some distance off, he strikes briskly and pushes forward. In an instant he is over, having struck the upturned peak of his own kyack nearly amidships and at right angles with the other. These feats were rewarded with a few plugs of tobacco." Further on Mr. **Hall** adds, "I remarked to the Governor that, with all the progress of ship and boat building of civilization, we had nothing in the way of rowing with which we could equal the speed of a kyack." This is so. One Esquimau with his kyack can outstrip any other people in the world, however accomplished as oarsmen.

The exclusiveness of the men in regard to the kyack is compensated to the women by the possession of a vessel known as the *umiak*, a boat in which any male considers it beneath his dignity to sit. Like the kyack, it is built of light ribs of deal, and covered over with seal's leather. The umiak is flat-bottomed, constructed the same both fore and aft. The rim on both sides, with the inward-turned fork, extends somewhat over the body of the boat. The cavity thus formed by the forks serves for the attachment of tow-ropes, as well as to make fast the boats when they are pulled out of the water. Within these curious vessels there are narrow seats, sufficient



LIFE IN TURKEY—GOING TO SCHOOL.



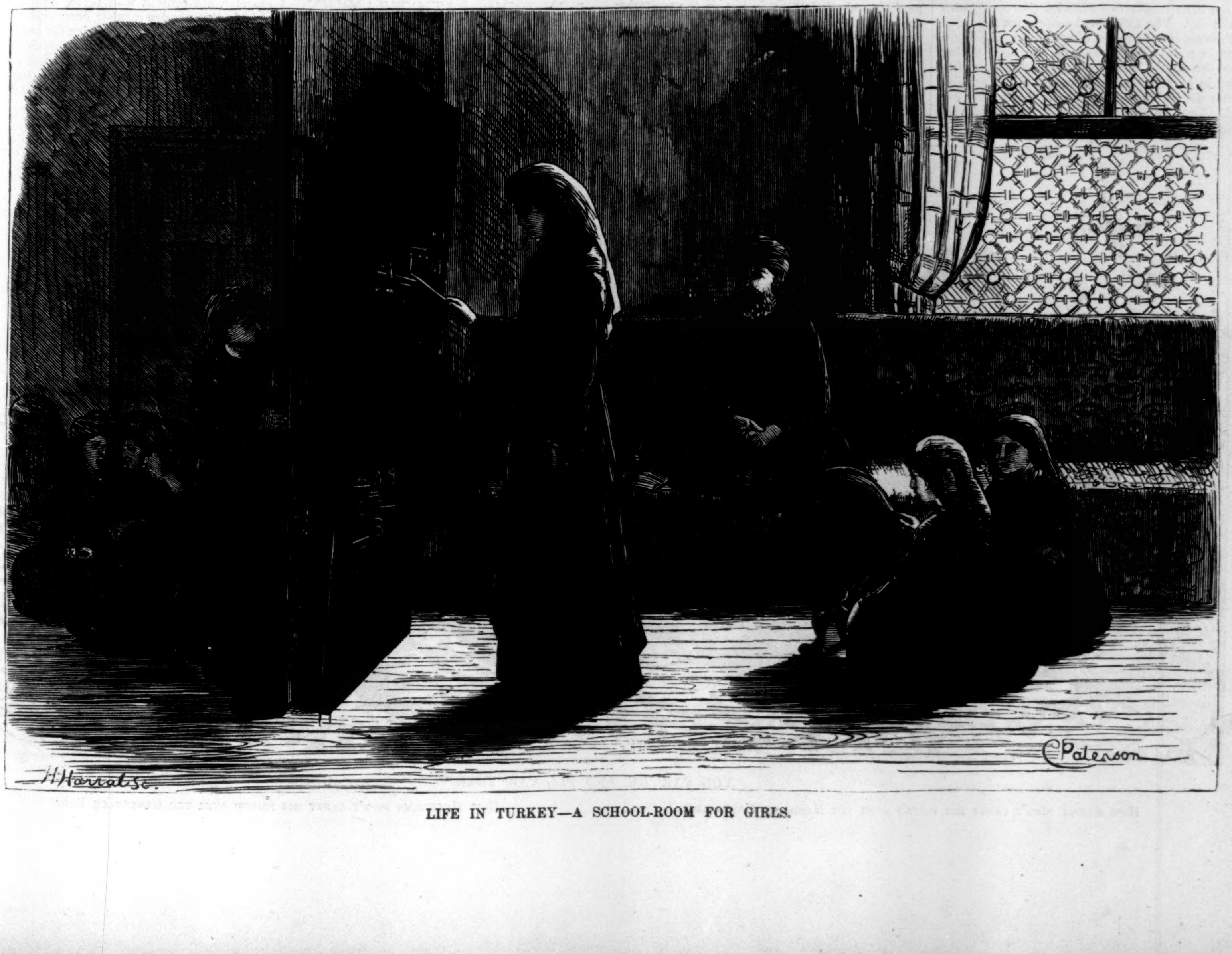
WASHING HANDS BEFORE PRAYER.

to accommodate six or eight women, who keep the boat in motion by a shovel-shaped oar. The larger and more prosperous of the Esquimaux families have each their umiak; the smaller and less important possessing one in common. Naturally these fragile vessels can not stand either a rough sea or ice, and in unfavorable weather they are obliged to lie up on shore for days together. On the other hand, they are light and easy to carry, and in spite of their frail appearance, are wonderfully firm and capacious. A umiak, however, never travels alone, a man in a kyack always accompanying it; either the owner himself or some native is hired for the purpose. At certain times, usually in summer, when the Greenlanders move from place to place, whole fleets of these vessels may be met with. The curious appearance of Esquimaux women managing their strange craft gives a lively and original character to the scene.

SKETCHES IN TURKEY.

UNTIL recently the educational privileges of women in Turkey were of the slightest character. Private tuition was their only means of learning, and the limited supply of governesses, as well as the mediocrity of their attainments, offered great obstacles to improvement. Unless in very superior families, a little Arabic (sufficient to read, but not understand, the Koran), working, knitting, and perhaps a slight acquaintance with French and music, were deemed an ample supply of knowledge for the daughters of the house.

Of late, however, a fresh impulse has been given to the cause of education among the Turks, and an outer wave of the movement has resulted in the establishment of female schools. On this page we offer our readers a couple of interesting drawings taken from a school opened a few years ago in Stamboul for the instruction of women and girls who desire to become teachers. Others are admitted, but the design is principally to prepare governesses for private families—a mode of instruction that will probably remain in favor among the Turks, as harmonizing better with their exclusiveness in regard to women. The plan of study here pursued comprises reading in Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, two or three kinds of Turkish writing, some idea of the use of globes, and drawing and arithmetic. Needle-work is also taught, both plain and ornamental. The names of about sixty women and girls of various ages were inscribed on the opening lists of the school. Many came from considerable distance in order



LIFE IN TURKEY—A SCHOOL-ROOM FOR GIRLS.